

THE MAN INSIDE

Incipient Totalitarianism in the Western World

Kevin Mugur Galalae

20 June 2011



My sons and I during a visit supervised by the Children's Aid Society.

Unable to silence me by lawful means, the authorities have resorted to underhanded ways to destroy my credibility, push me over the edge and prevent me from exposing ever-growing violations of human rights and civil liberties at the highest level of global governance. I believe it is no coincidence that I was arrested six days after publishing an open letter, entitled "Appeal to Reason", which I addressed to President Obama, Président Sarkozy, Bundeskanzlerin Merkel and Prime Minister Cameron. In my letter, I made these heads of state responsible for the deterioration of democracy by using counter-radicalisation as a pretext to institute a regime of global autocracy. I received no response but six days later I was arrested on false charges and slapped with a no contact order so I could no longer see my wife and children. In British style, the forces of autocracy use and abuse legal means to achieve political ends.

This article follows nine previous publications that must be read in sequence in order to fully understand the threat I pose to the forces of global autocracy. They are, in chronological order:

Article 1:

“Covert Censorship at Oxford and Leicester University: *CONTEST* and State-Sponsored Discrimination”, April 2010, available at: https://wikispooks.com/w/images/0/06/Covert_Censorship_at_Oxford_and_Leicester_University.pdf also published in the Romanian newspaper “*Flacăra lui Adrian Păunescu*” April and May 2010 issues.

Article 2:

“*The Great Secret: Surveillance and Censorship in Britain and the EU*”, 25 October 2010, available at: https://wikispooks.com/w/images/4/4d/The_Great_Secret.pdf and at <http://www.scribd.com/doc/46050686/The-Great-Secret-Surveillance-and-Censorship-in-Britain-and-the-EU>.

Article 3:

“*Hands Off Our Children*”, 12 April 2011, available at: https://wikispooks.com/w/images/4/4a/Hunger_strike_handout.pdf

Article 4:

“*Hunger Strike Appeal Letter to Mr. Hammarberg, Council of Europe Commissioner for Human Rights*”, 19 April 2011, available at: https://wikispooks.com/w/images/2/2f/Kevin_Galalae%27s_hunger_strike_appeal_letter.pdf and at <http://cryptome.org/0003/kevin-galalae.htm>.

Article 5:

“*Message from The Man Outside at 14 Days of Hunger Strike*”, 25 April 2011, available at: https://wikispooks.com/w/images/3/31/Message_from_the_man_outside_after_14_days_of_hunger_strike.pdf and at Cryptome as view only. Google: “Cryptome, Galalae, Freedom in Education 2”.

Article 6:

“*Educating the “Educated”: Message From The Man Outside at 21 Days of Hunger Strike*”, 2 May 2011, available at: https://wikispooks.com/w/images/f/f8/Educating_the_educated.pdf and at <http://cryptome.org/0003/kevin-galalae3.pdf>.

Article 7:

“*Is Commissioner Hammarberg Protecting the Emir of Qatar? Is the Council of Europe Subservient to British Interests?*”, 9 May 2011, available at: https://wikispooks.com/w/images/2/28/Is_Commissioner_Hammarberg_Protecting_the_Emir_of_Qatar.pdf and at <http://cryptome.org/0003/kevin-galalae5.pdf>.

Article 8:

“*The People’s Declaration on Restoring the Powers of the European Court of Human Rights*”, 9 May 2011, available at: https://wikispooks.com/w/images/e/e0/THE_PEOPLE%27S_DECLARATION.pdf and at <http://cryptome.org/0003/kevin-galalae6.pdf>.

Article 9:

“*Appeal to Reason: Letter to President Obama, Président Sarkozy, Bundeskanzlerin Merkel and Prime Minister Cameron*”, 9 May 2011, available at: https://wikispooks.com/w/images/5/5e/APPEAL_TO_REASON.pdf and at <http://cryptome.org/0003/kevin-galalae4.pdf>.

Dear readers,

Over the past two years, I have published extensively about surveillance and censorship, the demise of democracy and the corruption of the rule of law; have filed a lawsuit against the UK at the European Court of Human Rights, and have staged a hunger strike at the Council of Europe between April 12 and May 12. This political activism has won me no friends in high places.

Nevertheless, I was left alone until I published an open letter, entitled "*Appeal to Reason*"¹, in which I made President Obama, Président Sarkozy, Bundeskanzlerin Merkel and Prime Minister Cameron responsible for the demise of democracy and the institution of global autocracy under the pretext of countering terrorism and radicalization. I received no response from them, but six days later I was arrested.

I did not expect such a vicious attack on me upon my return to Canada. The following gives a detailed account of what has occurred. While I have no way of proving that the actions of the Canadian police and the Crown are motivated by political pressure, their violations, timing and malicious prosecution indicate clear discrimination, harassment, hidden agendas and disrespect for the rule of law and human decency.

The actions of the authorities show just how devoid of decency the Canadian Government is and betray the kind of methodology which indicates that Britain is commanding Canada to act according to its interests. The pamphlet of my hunger strike in France was entitled "*Hands off our Children*". To show just how unconcerned with the rule of law and morality the establishment of power is, they have taken away my children by exploiting my wife's feeble emotional and mental condition and then suppressing evidence to get away with it. They have also thrown me out of my own house, confiscated my laptop computer and prevented me from accessing my home office or from taking my fax, printer, scanner and desktop computer, all of which are vital to my profession as a writer.

For those who have doubted the accuracy of my articles in the past and have ignored my warning that democracy has been replaced with autocracy under the pretext of countering radicalization and by means of a heartless brand of global corporate capitalism that serves only the elites, the following account will be impossible to ignore as evidence that Canada and the West have arrived at a state of incipient totalitarianism. In this environment even our children are fair game, for our governments will not hesitate to separate children from parents to achieve their criminal objectives.

During the first days of the Libyan uprising, CNN reported on the fate of a woman who openly criticised Gaddafi and his regime in front of foreign cameras only to be whisked away by the Libyan secret service thugs who swiftly placed a garbage bag over her head and declared that she is insane. Canada, undoubtedly goaded by Britain, has done the same to me, forcing me into a mental institution and then throwing me in prison under false charges.

They did not get away with it due to the intervention and courage of a few individuals.

¹ "*Appeal to Reason: Letter to President Obama, Président Sarkozy, Bundeskanzlerin Merkel and Prime Minister Cameron*", 9 May 2011, available at: https://wikispooks.com/w/images/5/5e/APPEAL_TO_REASON.pdf and at <http://cryptome.org/0003/kevin-galalae4.pdf>.

SUMMARY OF EVENTS

(May 11 to May 25, 2011)

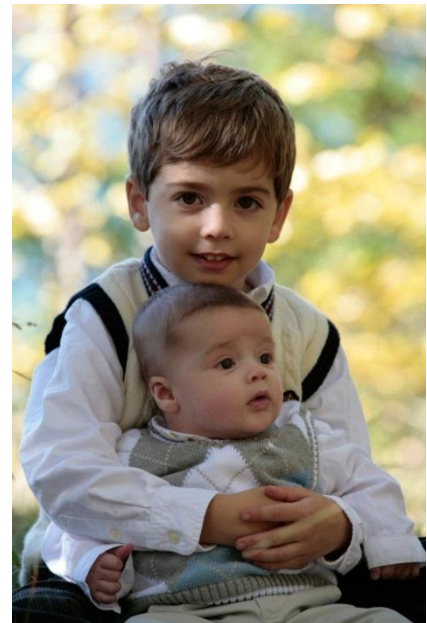
I had been in Strasbourg, France, a month when on Wednesday, May 11, I read an email by Susie Hetherington, a mutual friend of mine and my wife's, Cindy Marshall, about an incident that occurred the night before. Ben, my six-year-old son, and Carolyn, his little friend, were listening to music when a song called "I love my Mummy" came on and Ben immediately burst into tears because it reminded him how much he misses and loves me. I was gripped by tears the moment I read the email and resolved to change my flight and return home immediately. I could not bear the thought of Ben suffering and my protest at the Council of Europe, by then in its 30th day, had not compelled the EU officials to act. There was nothing else I could achieve in Europe.

That evening, my wife and I talked on the phone about the children. I asked her if Ben was suffering because of my absence and to recall the song incident. She said Ben missed me very much and that he had indeed burst into tears from longing for me. I asked her why she didn't tell me and instead always wrote that Ben was doing well and hardly asked for me. She didn't answer. I told her I would change my flight home the next day and asked to speak to Ben. On previous occasions, when I asked to speak to Ben she always answered that it is better I do not since it makes it harder for him, but this time she agreed and put Ben on. I told him how much I loved and missed him and that I would change my flight and come home within a day or two. He was happy and his voice showed relief.

True to my word, next morning, Thursday May 12, I began looking for the Air France office in Strasbourg so I could change my flight. It took me several hours of frantic search to find it and was able to book myself on a return flight next day. The Italian agent who booked my flight noticed how affected I was and tried to comfort me the entire time. There were at first doubts that she would be able to find me a seat and when she did she was as relieved as I was.

Friday, 13 May 2011

Throughout the trip home all I could think about were my dear sons, Ben and Oliver, and what it would feel like to squeeze them in my arms and tell them I loved them and that I will never again go away for so many days. I was so full of anticipation and longing that the 8-hour flight from France and the 3-hour train ride from Montreal seemed like an



My beautiful sons, Ben and Oliver

eternity. When I finally arrived home in Kingston at 9:05 PM and found the house empty my heart sank with incredulity and sadness. I rushed immediately to my in-laws' house, sensing that my wife and children would be there.

The house was ablaze with light and the cars of every one of Cindy's siblings were parked in the driveway and on the street. I knocked on the door with my heart pumping like a steam locomotive. An unknown man answered and before I could utter two words he asked me in a rude and forceful tone to immediately leave the premises. *"This is private property"*, he said, *"and you are not welcome here"*. I asked who he was and tried to explain that I am here to see my children. He came out of the house and closed the door behind him all the while repeating that I am not welcome and that I must leave immediately. *"Who are you to stand between me and my children"*, I asked. He then flashed a badge and said he was a policeman. I asked him to identify himself since he was wearing civilian clothes but he refused. *"Are you on duty? Is there a charge against me? Why are the police preventing me from seeing my children?"* I asked. He answered none of my questions and instead insisted that I am trespassing on private property and that I should step away and onto the road. I did and he took up post at the door.

Don, my father-in-law came out of the house a few seconds later. I asked him from the edge of the property what was going on and why I was being prevented from seeing my children. He ignored my questions. I asked to talk to Cindy, my wife, but he continued to ignore me. I then asked *"How can you stand between me and my children, Don? What gives you the right?"* He replied *"You lost the right to your children five weeks ago when you left for Europe."* I said *"Why?"* and asked what law gave him the right to be judge, jury and executioner. He did not answer.²



*Grandpa Donald Marshall:
Judge, jury and executioner.*

Since I could not reason with them I called 911 and asked to talk to the police. I explained that my children have been abducted and that they are being held at the in-laws home. The despatch, a female voice, said she would send someone as soon as possible. Twenty minutes later and still no police, I called again. The same despatch said they are very busy and that they would respond at the earliest time possible. I waited another twenty minutes and then called again. The same lady now seemed irritated and said this was not a high priority call and that I should be patient. I asked how this could not be a high priority call when my children have been abducted and I, their father, am being prevented from seeing my own flesh and blood by a stranger who says he is a cop but refuses to identify himself or give me a good reason why I cannot see my children. She said

² Donald Marshall never changed a diaper in his life or babysat my children on his own, yet he believes he has the right to separate me from my children.

someone is on the way, but it took another ten minutes before a Kingston Police car with two constables showed up.

I explained the situation to the police and they went to the house where they talked to the mystery cop and Don, my father-in-law. After a very brief conversation one of the cops came to the edge of the driveway where I was waiting and told me that I would not be allowed to see my children. His tone had changed from neutral to one of open animosity. I asked “*Why can’t I see my children?*” I said “*What law is being invoked to keep me away from my children?*” I said, “*What legal right do my wife and in-laws have to steal my children from their house and lock them up here?*” The cop said I would have to go to court on Monday to see my children. “*I will do just that, but it is Friday night and the courts will not be open until Monday morning.*” You have to wait, he said.

I asked if he had found out the identity of the mystery cop. He said he could not tell me. I asked why. He said it is none of my business. I said it is my business because that man stands between me and my children and has used his police credentials to intimidate me when he is clearly not on duty. He said he has the right to do that whether on duty or not. I begged to differ and asked if he knew him and if they were colleagues on the same police force. He said he did not know him. I then asked for his and his colleague’s names and badge numbers. He identified himself as Constable Slack (badge number 324) and Constable P.C. Williams (badge number 336).

I asked why it had taken nearly an hour to respond to my call. He said they are swamped with calls tonight and they can barely keep up. I asked that I be allowed five minutes with Ben, my oldest son, to tell him that I am home. I explained that I had promised my son the previous day that I would return home and that I don’t want him to think I am not keeping my promise. I explained that he would be crushed if he thought his father is not keeping his promise. He was uninterested and said that nothing else could be done tonight and that I should seek legal help. I asked why he did not go back to the house to ask for this concession. He said he didn’t need to because he knew the details. I said what details. He said those in the report. “What report?” I asked, and when did you familiarize yourself with these details. He said he read the report prior to coming here. I said “I thought the police was swamped with calls tonight and unable to keep up.” “Are you telling me you had the time to read a report before coming here?” Yes, he said. I asked what the report said. He answered that he is not at liberty to disclose that information. I said it seems to me that the police purposely delayed responding to my call. I asked why. He became flustered and tried to mumble an answer but could not. He said I should go home. It was after 10PM by then and I got in my car and drove away, the blood rushing through my head and my heart as heavy as lead because I could feel that Ben was thinking I had lied to him and abandoned him.

I stopped the car on the side of the road a couple of kilometers away and called the RCMP. It had become clear to me that Tyler Marshall, my wife’s brother, was using his friends in the police department and that I would not get a fair hearing from the Kingston Police. Cindy never

tired of telling me how Tyler could get away with murder because he has three close friends in the police force. The RCMP despatch said they have no representation in Kingston and that I should contact the Kingston Police. I explained that I had already done so and that because of undue influence I could not get any help from them. I pleaded for help to retrieve my children but was told the RCMP could not help. I insisted and she then said I should try the OPP. I asked for their number and immediately called the OPP. The OPP, however, said they have no jurisdiction over the city of Kingston and that only the Kingston Police was responsible for that area. I explained my dilemma and that my children had been abducted, but in vain since I was told the OPP could not help.

I drove home devastated. The house seemed like a mausoleum without my children. I showered and tried to sleep but thoughts raced through my head and emotions raged through my heart like torrential rivers. I agonised the entire night and hardly slept a wink. I resolved to go to the Kingston Police in the morning and talk to someone about pressing abduction charges.

I got up around midnight and went to my office. I remembered that Cindy had opened an email account a few months earlier and thought that I may find some answers there. We had received confirmation of the new account on our common work email address but I never bothered to check it. I thought it was just another game Cindy likes to play and I did not want to give her the satisfaction of falling for it. I typed in cindym22@hotmail.ca and then tried the password we both used for our common account. It did not work. I then tried the other password she uses, which is much the same but for one number, and it worked. We had always had access to each other's email accounts. It was an understanding we struck long ago on Cindy's insistence since she has always had trouble trusting. I had even left my BlackBerry with my wife while I was in Europe and it receives emails from all of our accounts, which means that she had access to my emails before I got to read them.

There was a problem with the computer. The emails would not open. I had to press enter repeatedly and it took almost 30 seconds for each email to open. I started reading and could not believe my eyes. I tried to print but could not for some strange reason. I assumed the computer was being interfered with, as on previous occasions. It was as though someone was trying to block my access. I then tried to cut and paste but that too did not work. The only option I was left with is to try to forward the emails to one of my accounts. I had just begun doing so when they all suddenly disappeared from the inbox. I went into the "junk" and "deleted" boxes but they were nowhere to be found. Exasperated I opened the "sent" box and found over one hundred emails. I started the same process. It was just as slow but I could at least print and did print several dozen emails out of a total of 144 emails dating back six months, to January 2011, when Cindy had opened the account.

I took notes while the computer printed. My wife had emailed herself, my employer, organizations and individuals far and wide paranoid and delusional notes questioning my mental stability, accusing me of bankrupting the family, blaming my siblings and mother for being

accessories to a terrorist (that terrorist being me), and suggesting that I am a danger to her and to the children. Worse still, the emails show that my wife had taken a lawyer in March and then filed a report with the Kingston Police in which she accused me of obsessive delusional behaviour. The emails indicate that my wife has completely lost her senses and her grounding in reality and that she perceives the threat of Britain's secret service and of Canada's government as a real and present danger that she and our children could only escape if she shows loyalty to the system and denounces me as a radical and a lunatic.



I, Cynthia Anne Marshall, take you Kevin Mugur Galalae, to be my husband, to have and to hold from this day forward, for better or for worse, for richer, for poorer, in sickness and in health, to love and to cherish; from this day forward until death do us part.

On 20 April 2011, thus two weeks into my hunger strike in Strasbourg, my wife emailed the European Court of Human Rights³ that I have “*some mental issues*” and that purportedly my brother, Dr. Razvan Galalae, has confirmed this. Then she fakes concern and asks that my family in Germany be asked for help. When on 21 April 2011 the European Court writes back to say that they have been unable to contact my brother, Dr. Razvan Galalae, and my mother, Maria Galalae, and that Cindy should contact them directly, Cindy replies that she “*decided not to bother asking the family for help*” since they “*seem uninterested in helping*” because they “*obviously turned their backs on Kevin*”. She also asks the Court to keep the emails confidential.

In reading this and other such emails, I understood that my own wife, through her deranged actions, had undermined all my efforts for justice, had shattered my credibility and made me vulnerable to attack by the politicians, states and organizations I had exposed. The two years I had dedicated to restore free speech and freedom of conscience in universities had been in vain because the

³ As a direct result of my wife's email, the European Court contacted the German police who in turn visited my brother at his home in Kiel, Germany, and asked him to persuade me to give up my hunger strike.

person closest to me had betrayed me in order to save her social position. For the first time, I understood the meaning of Judas Iscariot's betrayal of Jesus. I felt inconsolable even though I realized that my wife is ill and scared and that her actions can only be explained by her illness and fear.

From the very beginning of my discovery that Britain spies on students and censors the academic environment, which occurred in October 2009, Cindy opposed my struggle for justice and tried to prevent me from exposing the policies and people who engage in unlawful and immoral deeds on behalf of the British state.⁴

Cindy's reaction to my stand only confirmed how effective and how dangerous Britain's surveillance and censorship policies are. If they could turn my wife against me, then what does it do to communities, to nations and to the international arena?

My wife, unlike me, does not have the strength to stand firm against state illegality. Most people do not have the strength or the courage to do what I have done. The pressure Britain's secret service thugs put on my family through their cyber-attacks, potential threat to our safety, legal traps, dead end adjudication bodies meant to deceive and exhaust, and the financial and physical exhaustion of fighting the secret service and their unlimited resources, proved to be too much for my wife's feeble mental and emotional constitution. To what extent she felt socially isolated and was influenced by her own family, who had treated me as persona non grata the moment I began publishing, is unknown to me.

However, even if her family and the local establishment have pressured my wife, I make the British and the Canadian governments primarily responsible for pushing my wife over the edge through their criminal methods of oppression and control. I make the international press and the West's human rights organizations responsible for the destruction of my family and the demise

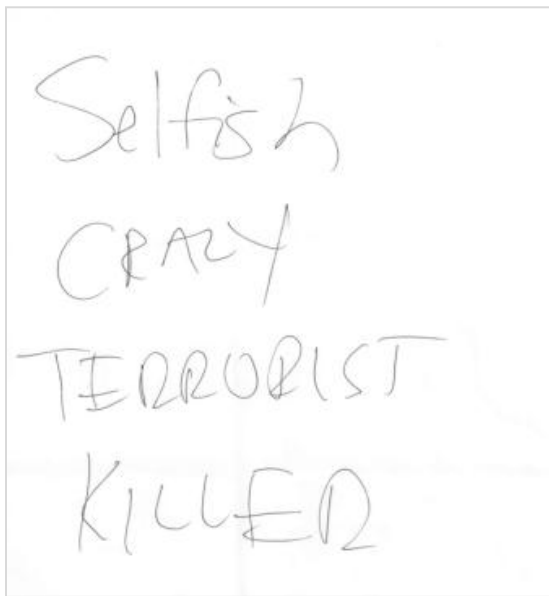
⁴ Over the course of the past two years, I have spent 2000 hours fighting the Brits and 3000 hours fighting my wife so I could fight the Brits. From the very beginning she was against exposing the covert program of **surveillance and censorship (SAC)** I had uncovered because it aided Muslims, for whom she has far less concern than for her own kind. She never understood and never wanted to understand that an attack on human rights and civil liberties cannot be limited to a particular group and will in time undermine democracy itself along with the principle of equality under the law, which is indeed what has occurred throughout the Western world due to the fact that Islamophobia and xenophobia inform government policy. Her ideological and political opposition to my stand and activism turned into open and savage hatred towards my cause and later towards me, so much so that every time I tried to write a letter, an article or an email to present my case through various adjudication levels in Britain she would physically try to prevent me from doing it. She would stand behind my chair and scream insults, pace around the office and ask me totally irrelevant questions so as to distract me, or shut my laptop computer so I would lose the file or lose time restarting it. I tried to make her understand that regardless how adamantly she opposes my struggle for human rights, civil liberties and equality under the law, I will not cease until I reach the European Court of Human Rights. I tried to make her understand that unless the common citizen takes a stand in defence of the core values of freedom and fairness the world around us will become indistinguishable from the communist hell I grew up in back in my home country of Romania. It was all to no avail. From that moment on, which occurred some 12 months ago, she began calling me a terrorist, a killer, a filthy immigrant and other such aberrant and baseless insults. In return I began calling her Judas and asked her to stay out of my way. I have always worked at night, so as not to disrupt our family's normal patterns, but from that moment on I worked exclusively at night so as to avoid confrontation with Cindy, who would literally lose her senses if she saw me work on SAC.

of democracy since by failing to do their duty and expose the truth when I brought the facts and the evidence to their attention they have acted as accessories to state crimes; crimes that create unbearable environments for the common citizen. I make the Council of Europe and Commissioner Hammarberg responsible for acting as the first line of deceit for the international power establishment instead of being the people's last line of defence, which is their stated function and their solemn responsibility.

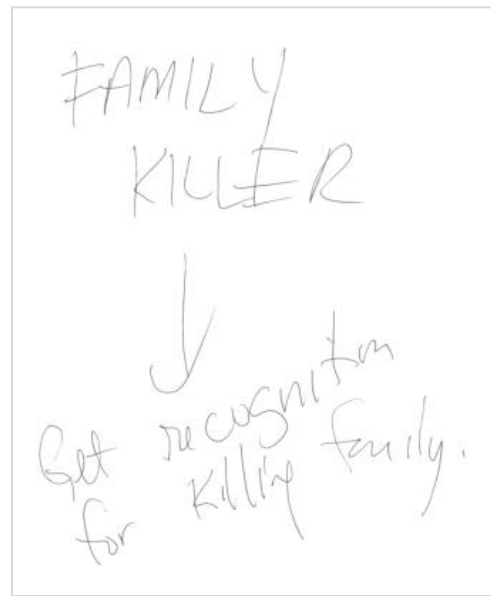
The shameful silence of all these individuals and organizations has contributed to my wife being driven to insanity with fear and impotence. As many people around me have done, my wife too chose the easiest way out, the only way out to save their carefully preserved picture of reality in the face of such insurmountable barriers to truth and justice; she turned against me because it is easier to shoot the messenger than to take a stand and face the awesome power and danger of governments gone rogue and of an international community of elites bent on instituting a regime of global autocracy.

In her impotence and fear, my wife began developing psychotic symptoms in the form of delusions. The following hand notes that she wrote in February 2011 and that I found hidden in her closet as I vacuum cleaned the house demonstrate just how deeply the authorities have damaged my wife and the extent to which she lost her grip on reality.

In these hand notes my wife refers to me as a *"family killer"* and a *"selfish crazy terrorist killer"* when in fact the absolute opposite is true, namely that I have made personal sacrifices to ensure that our children's future is one in which human rights and civil liberties are respected and that they can live in peace and freedom.



"Selfish CRAZY TERRORIST KILLER"



"FAMILY KILLER Get recognition for killing family."

In filing a police report in which she characterizes me as a crazed terrorist, my wife has unknowingly loaded a gun with life ammunition, painted a red target on my back and then handed the loaded gun to the authorities to start shooting at me. They welcomed the opportunity and launched their attack on me without delay.

Saturday, 14 May 2011

I woke up early on Saturday, May 14, feeling anger, pity and sorrow towards my wife all at once, and emailed her in an attempt to appeal to her better nature.

Cindy, how can you do this to me? How can you do this to your children? How can you put strangers between my boys and me and sever our love? Have you no heart? Don't you realize what this is doing to me? What this is doing to Ben and Olie?

You promised never to use the children against me yet here you are, acting in the worst way possible.

I promised Ben on the phone I would be home next day to love him and hug him and never leave his side again. He will be crushed when he wakes up in your parents' house and his daddy is not there. He will think I am not keeping my promise.

You are tearing my heart out. Imagine how you would feel if I did that to you! Do you know how I counted every second through the trip until I arrived home full of anticipation and in tears? Do you know how crushed I was when I found their beds empty?

Do you have any idea what it feels like to have my wife put cops between me and my children? You have no right, Cindy. Bring them home to me or I shall die with sorrow. They are all I have.

I followed this email with another one just a few minutes later:

Cindy, you can have all the space you want but don't deprive me of my children. It is unkind, it is cruel and it is illegal.

Cindy did not respond so I decided to change my approach.

Hi Cindy,

I have just sent an email to Maggie and CCed it to you. You will want to read it.

If the children are not home within the hour I will proceed as follows:

1. Contact John Chown and tell him about your family's dirty little secret about your brother's insurance.
2. Contact the police and impound the car since it is my property.
3. Give a lawyer all the evidence I have of your duplicitous and underhanded behaviour, which has destroyed my reputation and is pure libel intended to walk away with the house and blackmail me for support money by keeping the children. When the judge sees the kind of person you are (and, furthermore, the evidence of racism and mental instability I have from you in writing) you will have a hard time keeping your job let alone the children.

The choice is yours. This can still be resolved amiably, but if you insist on abducting the children from their home and depriving them of their father, I will spare no legal remedy to show you for what you are.

You have till 10AM to act.

Kevin

I waited till 10 AM but there was no answer. I then got dressed and drove to the Kingston Police headquarters on Division Street.

It was circa 11AM when I arrived there. I identified myself at the front desk and asked to talk to a senior officer about my predicament. I was given the phone to explain. A female was on the other side of the line and I indicated that I want to press charges against my wife and in-laws for abduction. She hesitated and asked me to wait while she checks the records. I could hear her typing something in the computer then said in a changed tone that this would not be possible. I asked why and she replied that I would have to go to Court to do that. I said that by the time I get to go to court my children could be dead or on the other side of the world. She said my children are safe. I asked how she knew that and pointed out that it is for me, their father, to ascertain if they are safe or not. She said the police would not help. I then asked for a police escort to the house so I could recover my car which my wife had taken. She said the police would not help me with that either. I pointed out that the car was in my name. I asked why the police was so uncooperative and she said they have a report on me. I said what report and asked what is in this report. She said I would have to lodge a request through the Freedom of Information Act to find that out. I asked how I would do that and she replied that I would have to come back on Monday and ask for Rob Woolsley. I said I would do just that and left.

I then drove straight to the in-laws house to see if their attitude had changed. Only Cindy and her parents were home. My wife gestured from behind the glass of the closed door that I should leave. I began calling Ben's name and her father immediately cranked up the TV volume to a deafening sound to prevent my son from hearing my voice. It was too late, though. I heard Ben call 'Daddy, my daddy' and Cindy and her mother bolted up the stairs to stop Ben from coming down. I then heard Ben cry and his cries became muffled. I assumed they locked him in his bedroom. I took a few steps away from the house and called Ben's name at the upstairs guest bedroom where I assumed he would be. I spoke loudly and said I was home and that I loved him but that mommy, nanny and poppy will not open the door. A flash raced through my head about Ben declaring his love for me, which he often did much to Cindy's chagrin. *"Daddy I love you most, more than mommy, more than anyone in the world."* My eyes teared up at the thought of Ben suffering.

I called the police. They came promptly this time. Two different constables, a man and a woman, in separate cars. I explained the situation and asked that they go inside and negotiate that I be allowed to spend five minutes with my son, Ben. The woman went in and the man, who was elderly and had a grey moustache, stayed with me. He was gentle and kind. He listened with genuine interest to what I had to say. Some 15 minutes later the woman came out and said the family will not allow me to see Ben. I asked what right they have to prevent me from seeing my son. I pointed out that I have no history of violence either towards my wife or my children, that there is no court injunction against me and that I have always been the best of fathers and a faithful husband. I also explained that I am the primary caregiver since I work from home and that I am the one who raised Ben and who spent twice as many nights with Oliver then Cindy did. She said she could not help and that I will have to go to court on Monday. I explained how I had promised my son to be home and that unless I speak to him he will believe that I have lied to him and let him down and that he would be crushed. She said they cannot force my wife to allow me to see my children and that I would have to go to court. The male cop then asked me not to return to the house and I said I would not.

That afternoon I made multiple copies of Cindy's emails from her secret account and mailed one to my mother in Germany. I then drove to the house of Susie and Rob Hetherington, who are mutual friends of my wife and mine, to show them how malicious and premeditated Cindy's actions had been. Susie answered the door and I explained that Cindy had taken my children and is preventing me from seeing them. I burst into tears all the while asking how she could do such a thing. Susie said she is just protecting the children. I said protecting them from what and from whom? *"You left"*, she said. *"I left for a few weeks not for good"*, I explained. I could tell she had already made up her mind that I deserved to have my children taken away. I left in disgust at her attitude with her calling me to come back and stay and talk. I did not.

Later I received a call from her asking that I do not say anything negative to Maggie, my employer, since she had applied for a job in Hong Kong on Cindy's guidance. She asked that I do not spoil her plans for employment in Hong Kong. I then understood that Susie was siding with Cindy because she had self-interest at heart and I became even more disgusted with her. I could also sense that she was now getting back to me for having foiled her and her husband's attempts to convert me to their religion, born again Christianity. They had been trying for two years to no avail.

Around 4PM she emailed me the following message:

Kevin,
I've received this and I'm concerned. Can you please tell me if this is true.
Your friend,
Susie

From: cind_hk@hotmail.com
To: susie_hetherington@hotmail.com

Subject:
Date: Sat, 14 May 2011 16:04:12 +0000

Susie,
I was very upset to hear that the lady from work saw Kevin with a Chinese woman in Brockville last summer. Apparently she said she was certain it was him and wondered what he was doing with another woman. Great news to hear after everything that has happened. Perhaps he has been seeing someone else? He always said he was faithful and I always believed him.
Now she has told several people at my work that she saw Kevin there with another woman.
Cindy

I replied:

Absolute and utter nonsense, Susie. Part of Cindy's smear campaign. You should know better. Wait until you see what Cindy has been emailing about me.
Kevin
Sent on the TELUS Mobility network with BlackBerry

She emailed the following:

Kevin,
Cindy told me you have always been faithful to her. But she was just given this information from a colleague. She asked me if I thought it was true. I said no, must have been a mistake on her part. That's why I asked you. Can you please tell me if you were in Brockville so I can let Cindy know.

I humoured her even though I found her line of questioning idiotic especially in light of the fact that Cindy had taken my children away from me and spread lies about my mental health to everyone under the sun and manipulated the truth to serve her goals.

Hi Susie,
If memory serves me right, the only time I would have passed through Brockville would have been last May on the way back from the hunger strike in Ottawa. If I did go into Brockville I would have just stopped to tank. By the way, the only Chinese women I know is your friend and the lady at the skating rink who works by the snack stand. Ben and I always eat there. So you can strike this nonsense out of your head because there is no truth to it whatsoever. I have never been unfaithful to Cindy. But you already know that.
Don't you think Cindy's timing for these so-called news is odd and designed to separate me from you and Rob. If you and Rob have time today for me, I would like to come and show you what Cindy has been telling people behind my back and how she even undermined my hunger strike by emailing the Human Rights Court to tell them that I am mentally unstable.
Kevin

She replied:

Kevin,
Thank you for confirming that. I didn't believe it nor did Cindy. But apparently there is a busy body at her work that has been "talking" and a colleague told Cindy about it. I am swamped with work today for my placements/activity sheets that are all due on Monday. Can we talk later?
Kevin

Sunday, 15 May 2011

The next day, her husband emailed me saying:

Hi Kevin,
I will give you a call during the week.
All the best,
Rob

I found it odd since Rob hardly ever bothers with such niceties especially since his wife had already told me they could not see me over the weekend. I immediately guessed that they had plans to meet Cindy that day and that they were trying to ensure that I do not show up at their door unexpectedly. I replied:

Thank you, Rob. I would love to spend time with you and Susie and I look forward to hugging Carolyn. I've missed you all. I am lonely and paining for my children. The house is empty and desolate without Ben and Oliver. It has been hell for me without them. I cannot begin to explain what mental discipline it took to stand it without them for 32 days. The hunger was nothing by comparison.
Your friend,
Kevin

I resolved to drive by the house to confirm my suspicion, but first I had to set the record straight with my employer, whose mind my wife had poisoned, and the European Court of Human Rights. I called my sister, Irina and brother-in-law, Traian, in the States to ask for letters attesting that I am perfectly healthy both mentally and emotionally. I also called my mother and brother in Germany. Within hours emails began coming in. This is what my sister and brother-in-law wrote:

To whom it may concern,
It has come to my attention that my sister-in-law, Cindy Marshall-Galalae has been writing false statements about my brother, Kevin Galalae. Please note she has been telephoning myself and my husband in the U.S., and my mother and my two other brothers in Germany, harassing us and threatening us day and night on a regular basis. She has called and cursed at my mother (a 72 year old sweet angelic woman), myself, my husband, and my two other brothers for no reason. She has been making false statements and threats against our family from the day my brother traveled to France to go on hunger strike. Due to her outrageous lies, and belligerent disrespectful harassment we have ceased contact with her, and therefore, we no longer associate with her.

Sincerely,
Irina Ardelian
Traian Ardelian

My mother's affidavit came shortly after:

Original German Text:	English Translation:
Bestätigung	Confirmation
Hiermit, bestätige ich, Maria Galalae, dass mich meine Schwiegertochter Cindy Marshall, in den letzten	I, Maria Galalae, hereby certify that my daughter-in-law, Cindy Marshall, has in recent weeks constantly called me on the phone, day and night, sometimes every few

<p>Wochen ständig per Telefon, Tag und Nacht, teilweise alle paar Stunden, angerufen hat und mich belästigt, bedroht und beschimpft hat. Sie hat mich telefonisch terrorisiert und mir während dieser Zeit psychisch geschadet. Sie hat unwahre Äußerungen und Lügen über meinen Sohn Kevin Galalae verbreitet, der ein liebevoller & zuverlässiger Vater zweier Kinder ist. Ich möchte hiermit klarstellen, dass mein Sohn immer eine vollkommen gesunde und mental/psychisch starke Persönlichkeit war und ist. Das einzige falsche Verhalten, das nicht mehr als normal bezeichnet werden kann, geht von meiner Schwiegertochter Cindy Marshall aus.</p> <p>Mit freundlichen Grüßen</p> <p>Maria Galalae</p>	<p>hours, to harass and insult me. She has terrorized me by phone and psychologically hurt me during this time. She has disseminated false statements and lies about my son, Kevin Galalae, who is a loving and dutiful father of two children. I would like to clarify herewith that my son has always been and is a mentally/emotionally perfectly healthy person with a strong personality. The only wrong behaviour that can no longer be called normal is that of my daughter-in-law, Cindy Marshall.</p> <p>Warm regards,</p> <p>Maria Galalae</p>
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This is my brother's affidavit:

<p><i>Original German Text:</i></p> <p>Wahrheitserklärung betreffend Kevin Galalae</p> <p>Ich, Daniel Galalae, bestätige hiermit, dass Cindy Marshall's Äußerungen betreffend meinen Bruder Kevin Galalae, darüber das er angeblich psychisch gestört sei und seine Familie vernachlässigt habe, falsch sind und nur dazu bestimmt waren, um seinen guten Ruf vor dem Europäischen Hof für Menschenrechte zu schädigen. Wie meine Schwester Irina Ardelian bereits geschrieben hat, sind die Äußerungen meiner Schwägerin böswillig und unwahr! Daraufhin haben wir uns von ihr distanziert. Das Europäische Hof für Menschenrechte muss die Briefe und Äußerungen von Cindy Marshall ignorieren und als Lügen abstempeln.</p> <p>Hochachtungsvoll</p> <p>Daniel Galalae</p>	<p><i>English Translation:</i></p> <p>Truthful declaration regarding Kevin Galalae</p> <p>I, Daniel Galalae, confirm herewith that Cindy Marshall's statements about my brother, Kevin Galalae, being mentally unstable and irresponsible towards his family are a deliberate attempt to undermine his credibility with the European Court of Human Rights and are not true. As my sister, Irina Ardelian has written, my sister-in-law's statements are malicious and untrue. Therefore, we have stopped associating with her. The European Court must disregard Cindy Marshall's letters and statements as lies and ignore them.</p> <p>Respectfully,</p> <p>Daniel Galalae</p>
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I emailed the European Court the following message:

<p>From: kgalalae@hotmail.com To: echrinfo@echr.coe.int Subject: communications with my wife, Cindy Marshall Date: Sat, 14 May 2011 22:25:20 +0200</p> <p>To whom it may concern at the Public Relations Unit,</p>

It has come to my attention that my wife has been communicating with the Court and has insinuated, among other things, that I have mental problems and that I have left my family penniless (please see enclosed attachment).

The Court must know that ever since the birth of our first son, six years ago, my wife has been suffering from postpartum depression and hormonal problems. This has been exacerbated by the birth of our second child in June 2005 and undoubtedly also by the added pressure the British government has brought to bear on our family.

I realize that my wife's statements about my alleged mental problems and her unfounded and libellous quote that my brother, Dr. Razvan Galalae, had supposedly diagnosed me as such, must have influenced the judge who was assigned to assess my application in that it shattered my credibility. At no time has my doctor brother or any other medical professional or friend come to such conclusion about my mental health.

To set the record straight, I wish to inform the Court that I am willing to subject myself to a psychological assessment at any time. In the meantime, I ask that the Court disregards my wife's statements as the aberrations of a woman with chronic hormonal problems and a personality disorder.

My wife's statements, the Court must also know, are also motivated by ulterior motives. We are in the process of separating and by discrediting me she hopes to gain legal advantage in our upcoming custody battle and the division of our assets. My failure at the European Court would be to her advantage.

In the interests of justice and impartiality, I ask that the Court strikes from the record my wife's communication with the Court since it distorts the reality and prejudices the judge's assessment of my application against the United Kingdom. Also, because it has nothing to do with the issues I bring before the Court.

That the Court has acted on my wife's emails is evidenced by the police visit my older brother, Dr. Razvan Galalae, received from the German police shortly after, and who asked him to convince me to quit the hunger strike. While I have no doubts that the Court had my best interests in mind and contacted the German police out of concern for my wellbeing, it also shows that the content of my wife's emails, and thus the allegation that I suffer from mental health issues, has been taken at face value by the Court.

The reason my wife decided "*not to bother asking the family for help*" is not because they have "*turned their backs on Kevin*", as my wife would have it, but because they no longer want to hear her absurd aberrations, lies and manipulations. She has been informed by all my family members that she is not to call or email them anymore...

To Maggie, my employer, I sent the following text:

Hi Maggie,

I just want to let you know that Cindy has cut off access to the cind_hk@hotmail.com account that we usually communicate through. You can now reach me at this email address or at my other email address which is: kgalalae@hotmail.com.

I look forward to speaking to you. I urge you in the meantime to talk to Cindy and tell her that telling the police lies so I cannot see my children is absolutely immoral and severely damaging to the children, especially Ben, who now must believe that I don't want to see him. The night before I flew back to Canada I talked to Ben on the phone and told him how I have been missing him and how I look forward to hugging and kissing him. He would be so disappointed now. His little heart must be bleeding worse than mine.

Please, Maggie, tell Cindy that what she is doing is wrong in every way.

Kevin

Maggie answered with her usual good sense and loving care:

I sent this message. Sorry that I did not call both of you. I think that both of you need a calm down period before talking to anyone. Better to sit down and rethink the situation, especially involving two children. Maggie

Sent via CSL BlackBerry

I answer Maggie's request that I talk to Cindy with the following response:

Hi Maggie,

There is nothing I would rather do than sit down and solve our problems among ourselves for the sake of the children. But it is too late for that since Cindy has been talking to a lawyer and to the police and has undermined me in every way while pretending to be my wife. Besides, Cindy will not even let me see my own children for five minutes, let alone speak to me in good faith.

You know as well as I do that Cindy has taken a lawyer in March. She has communicated this to you in several emails from her secret email account at cindym22@hotmail.ca before and after asking you for money. In fact, she used the money you sent her onto her dad's account to finance a lawyer, all the while I have paid for everything else so she could stay at home with the children as long as possible.

I went into debt and maxed my credit line and credit card to make ends meet over the year that she stayed home and to finance all the extras she wanted in the house. The only thing I asked her for was to survive on her own for the month I was in Strasbourg doing the hunger strike. And she turned that into Kevin emptied all our bank accounts and refuses to support his children and other such lies and exaggerations.

By the way, the reason she is depriving me of my children is because she knows that I do not have the money to take a lawyer and fight for custody. It will take tens of thousands of dollars for me just to get the authorities to see me for what I am and not for what she has depicted me to be.

If you read the kind of things she has been saying about me to organizations and people close and far away, solely for the purpose of destroying my credibility and undermining my effort to seek justice, it will make your head spin. Having read all the emails in her secret account I am still trying to comprehend how anyone can be so evil and manipulative. I fail to understand. Had I been her worst enemy she would have behaved with more decency.

If there is anyone who could talk sense into her and get her to withdraw all the lies she has said, then that would be you. She listens to you, Maggie, and you have tried to give her good advice.

Kevin

I also sent a detailed email to my supporters in Strasbourg⁵, who work at the Council of Europe, asking for their advice of how I should proceed.

⁵ I am concealing their identities to protect them from possible repercussions.

Dear xxx,

I am writing to you from Canada where I returned two days ago because my son is not well. He missed me too much and has been suffering because of my absence. I could not bear the thought so I came home.

When I arrived home, however, I found the house empty. My wife has taken the children to her parents' house and will not allow me to see them. More than this she has spread lies to the authorities that I am mentally unstable in order to prevent me from seeing my children. She has even sent emails to the European Court of Human Rights lying about my mental state and insinuating that my older brother, who is a doctor in Germany, will confirm this. None of this is true but she is using the current circumstances to obtain advantage in the legal process she has started (long before I went on hunger strike) in order to walk away with the children, the house, and everything else we possess.

I couldn't care less about our possessions but I couldn't stand the thought of a life without my children. To restore my credibility I will seek a psychological assessment and to regain access to my children I will go to family court on Monday.

I must now make a decision as to what to do next. I have two options. I could return to Strasbourg and continue with my hunger strike until I have achieved my objectives and then fight for my children upon my return home or I can give up the hunger strike and immediately start the process to gain shared custody of my children. A life with my wife is inconceivable after what she has done to undermine my efforts for justice and the restoration of democracy.

The first option ensures that my older boy, Ben, will no longer have to suffer because of my absence, but it means also that all my efforts in Strasbourg will have been in vain. My youngest boy, Oliver, who is only 11 months old, is too young to know what is happening. The second option offers the prospect of victory or partial victory in Strasbourg, but also certain and prolonged agony for Ben.

To make an informed decision I have to know two things: first, if on Monday the family court will grant me immediate visitation rights to see my children and, second, if the xxx friends you mentioned have decided to help me in any way.

If for some bizarre reason I cannot gain immediate access to my children and face the prospect of months of legal procedures, then there is no point staying in Canada and abandoning the struggle in Strasbourg. Ben will in one way or another still be deprived of his father. Also, if you and your friends have decided to help in concrete ways and are in position to make a difference, and I have no access to my children, then I must return to Strasbourg and finish what I have started.

There is also the prospect that the family court will grant me immediate access to my children and then it will be impossible for me to leave my children again even if there are signs that I have started to move the public to exercise their social responsibilities. The only solution to this dilemma would be to bring my family to Strasbourg but that depends on my wife's collaboration, not to mention finances.

One could argue that there is a third option, namely stay in Canada with my children and continue to fight as best I can for justice and democracy from here. It could very well be that this is the only option I will be left with. It is however an unappealing one because I wanted to put the struggle for freedom in education behind me once and for all so I could concentrate on my children. For two years I have done both at great cost to my own wellbeing because I hardly had any time to sleep and certainly no time to relax. It has also been hard on everyone around me, my children included, because I was not fully there. Perhaps the time has come to admit that even if I continue I will not be able to achieve more than I already have, which is to expose the decay and hypocrisy of the western world and to show that its democracy and respect for human rights are but empty pretences as long as autocracy continues to encroach upon our freedoms under the cover of countering radicalization and fighting terrorism. Perhaps that is all that can be achieved by a single individual. Perhaps that is all I am capable of achieving.

Monday I will find out about my children. I am writing to you though to find out if your group has decided to help

and if it is in a position to do so. I know I am putting a lot on your shoulders, xxx, but those are the circumstance and I cannot make a rational decision unless I hear from you.

Please reply as soon as possible. If you prefer talking to me on the phone you can call me at home at (613) 545-1453 or on my mobile at (613) 888-8268.

I look forward to hearing from you.

Warm regards,

Kevin Galalae

P.S. Please say hi to xxx for me and thank her on my behalf for being like a ray of sun every morning.

As soon as I finished setting the record straight with emails I drove to Susie and Rob's house to see if they indeed had made a date with Cindy. They were not home. I then drove to my in-laws' house and low and behold Susie and Rob's car was parked in front of the house. I felt betrayed because Susie and Rob were my friends first and Cindy met them through me. While I was in Europe she must have poisoned them with lies as she had poisoned everyone else.

I knocked on the door to tell them how I felt but as usual the Marshall family was all bunkered in. Angie, Cindy's sister, was the first to come to the door and wave me away. I said I wanted to talk to Susie and Rob. I then asked to see Ben. I rang the bell repeatedly. I called Ben's name and as on the previous day Cindy and her sister bolted up the stairs to prevent Ben from coming down.

I walked around the house and knocked on the kitchen door but no one opened it. I then walked to my car and honked the horn a couple of times after which I called up to Ben and said I loved him and that I will soon see him.

I left immediately after. There was no point in calling the police so I did not. Since I could not stand the thought of going home to an empty house I went to the Cineplex Odeon and bought a movie ticket. It was around 1:30PM when the police called my mobile phone. Constable Gemignano asked to see me and insisted that I cancel my movie ticket. *"Why can't this wait until after the movie?"* I asked. But he was adamant that he had to see me immediately. He came within 15 minutes accompanied by another cruiser whose driver was none other than the female constable from the day before.

He asked me to step in the back of his police cruiser. I have never sat in the back of a police cruiser and I was surprised to find out that there was no leg room whatsoever and that no more than five inches separates the edge of the seat from the dividing wall in front. I had to sit sideways and carry on a discussion with Constable Gemignano through the half-open security window in a most twisted and cramped position. I asked him several times during the interrogation/conversation, which would have taken at least 45 minutes, to move to my car because it was too uncomfortable in the back of the cruiser and there was no need to keep me there, but he insisted I stay put because it would be against regulations to sit in my car.

He asked me about the hunger strike and Strasbourg. He seemed keen on knowing why I went to Europe and what I was fighting for. I tried to give him a comprehensive understanding of the surveillance and censorship program I have uncovered and exposed. Then he wanted to know how the European Court works and I explained quickly the application process and the Court's admission criteria. He had lost interest and I could tell that he was getting ready to tell me why he was really there and what his interest in me was. Not long after, he said that the police would like me to undergo a psychological test. He assured me that if I talked the way I had talked to him I had nothing to fear. I asked how long that would take and he said just a few hours and that I would be free to go afterwards. While I was not happy with the approach and with the fact that the police initiated this, I said I would be more than happy to prove my sanity since my wife had questioned it and had pretended behind my back to everyone under the sun that I posed a danger to her and to my kids. I pointed out that this was one of the first things on my agenda come Monday since I planned to go to my family doctor, Dr. McIlquham, to ask for a referral to a psychiatrist or psychologist for an assessment since this was the only way to clear my name. He said this would save me time and I agreed.

I reminded him that I needed to take my documents bag and my computer out of the car if my car would be left behind in the parking lot. He got out and fetched the items in question. Shortly after he started driving, he popped the news that the hospital has the right to keep me there for up to 48 hours. The walls were closing in and I resented the underhanded way in which the conditions for my "voluntary" agreement to undergo a psychological assessment were being changed by the police. However, I did not express my thoughts out loud and continued to talk about Europe, my kids and my wife's betrayal.

We arrived at the hospital at around 3PM and was accompanied into the emergency ward by both constables, one in front and one behind me, as though I were a dangerous criminal. I waited to be interviewed by a resident, Dr. C. Orr, until 4:30 PM. The interview lasted c. 30 minutes at the end of which Dr. Orr informed me that due to some inconsistencies she will be advising the psychiatrist that would soon interview me that I should be held at the hospital for treatment under a Form 1 for up to 48 hours but that the determination to do so would come from the psychiatrist once he interviewed me. I asked Dr. Orr on what grounds she came to the conclusion that I need to be held at the hospital for further evaluation and treatment and after she babbled embarrassedly for a few seconds she declared that she could not say.

Right after Dr. Orr's interview I was moved to a windowless holding cell adjacent to the ambulance entrance and guarded by two uniformed guards. That was at c. 4:30 PM. I waited there until 9PM, time during which I requested that I be moved to a room with a bed since I was tired due to jet lag. My request was refused on the grounds that I would be assigned a room once the psychiatrist evaluated me and made the determination that I need to stay. I was instead given a 4 inch mattress that was laid on the bare floor, two sheets and a pillow. Prior to this I was given a hospital meal.

I slept from c. 7 to 9 PM when Dr. David Murray walked into the room and began his interview. Unlike Dr. Orr he asked questions about my past that indicated he had accurate knowledge of events that had occurred decades ago and that indicated that he had read a report or was given information by someone who knows me intimately and which could only be my wife. He also dwelled on the subject of my legal battle and hunger strike in Strasbourg, France. Throughout the interview I detected a rather condescending and accusatory tone, as though he was there just to confirm prior knowledge.

His interview lasted from 9 to c. 9:30 PM. He asked me a number of idiotic questions in a sotto voce manner, his eyes bulging and head nodding, as though that would help me tell him my darkest secrets. *“Do you hear voices?” “Do you believe you are being followed?” “Do you think the secret service is out to get you?”* When he finishes he informs me that he will confine me to treatment and further observation for up to 72 hours, time during which I would be interviewed further and drugged. I told him that I would not accept any medication since I don’t need any and then I asked him on what he bases his diagnosis that I need further treatment and observation. He said because my political activism is worrisome in that I have dedicated too much time and effort to it. I asked him if he thought that Nelson Mandela who struggled against Apartheid for 24 years should also have been confined to an insane asylum and treated for his political convictions. He did not say anything. I then asked him that before he finalized his diagnosis he should take a look at evidence I had with me showing that my wife had purposely and secretly painted me as a mentally disturbed person to various officials here in Canada and abroad, that she had falsely quoted my older brother, Dr. Razvan Galalae who lives in Germany, as having diagnosed me with mental problems (a libellous and totally untrue statement confirmed by my brother on the phone), and that she had attempted to force my family members and friends to declare me as such. I also had affidavits from four family members declaring that my wife’s behaviour has been highly abnormal and that they have been harassed by her with repeated phone calls for several weeks, and in the case of my mother with at times hourly phone calls for several days, frustrating and terrorising them to the point that they were afraid to answer their phones and threatened her with legal action if she continues.

Dr. Murray left to ask for police permission to bring my bag with the documents which had been taken away by the police and consigned to safe keeping. He was gone from 9:30 to 11:35 (135 minutes), time during which he spent an awful long time in an office adjacent to my holding cell with the telephone to his ear. I knocked on his office door on three different occasions reminding him that it is very late and would like to get to sleep and asking why it takes so long to bring my documents. He was irritated by my question and said he was busy with other patients, though there was no sign of this being the case.

Finally, at 11:35 he came with my bag and documents and looked at the few I showed him from a large stack. One of them was written by my wife to herself and said, I quote *“Now Geta [which is my mother’s name] the cunt goes down with your crazy brother”* [meaning me] and then continues to rave and rant at me. Dr. Murray also looked at the affidavits from my family

members attesting to the fact that I am a perfectly normal person both emotionally and psychologically, a loving father and dedicated husband and that my wife's behaviour has been most abnormal and abusive, so much so that they have cut her off.

Nevertheless Dr. Murray stuck to his diagnosis. I then asked him to confirm some facts that I had written down and then began reading. *"Please acknowledge by signing that:*

1. ***I am being held against my will because my political activism is worrisome.*** He refused and began explaining that this is not the sole reason for his decision and that, I quote, *"the diagnosis is not firm or fixed and that I could also be subject to delusional disorder, or another possibility is that I have a strong personality or that I have bipolar disorder"*. He refused to sign.
2. ***I am requesting a lawyer before I consent to any treatment or incarceration.*** He said he could not give me a lawyer since no lawyers are present at the hospital.⁶ He added that I had no choice in this and that the hospital can and will hold me for 72 hours.
3. ***The only time a patient or person can be held against his will is if he is a threat to himself or to others.*** He refused to sign at which point I asked him to confirm if that is correct. He mumbled for a while and then blurted out that yes that is correct but that there are other circumstances as well. I asked which and he was unable to say.
4. ***I request a repeat of this interview in front of a camera and that any future interviews and/or treatment discussions are also to be filmed so as to be entered as evidence when this comes to court.*** He refused to grant me a filmed repeat interview but said that he sees no reason why any future interviews could not be filmed. He also said that I am within my right to request a second opinion.
5. ***That I came here of my own volition in order to clear the misrepresentation by my wife that I am mentally disturbed.*** He said he would put that in his report but this too he refused to sign.
6. ***That you left the room for 125 minutes to ask for police permission that I show you the affidavits from family members and my wife's emails.*** He apologised for the delay and said that this had been one of his busiest days and worst days ever. I expressed my regret.

⁶ Dr. Murray was fully aware that there is a lawyer on staff at the hospital who is the "patient advocate" and is paid to assist patients to assert their rights and ensure that all of the physicians comply with respect to the Mental Health legislation, especially with respect to involuntary confinement. On May 19, a lawyer named David R. Hurley that my friend consulted wrote: *"I strongly encourage you to ask the staff at the Hotel Dieu Hospital to give you the contact information for the Psychiatric Patient Advocate and I am confident that they will do so without hesitation. In fact, by the time you receive this email I will not be surprised if this individual has already gone and introduced himself to Kevin, as it is my understanding that it is the advocate's routine practice to meet with newcomers."* At no point in time was I given the opportunity to meet with the Psychiatric Patient Advocate even though I made it perfectly clear that I was being held against my will and demanded that I speak to a lawyer.

7. ***That I requested a copy of the F1 Form for my lawyer and that it was denied.*** He said with surprise “*Were you not given a copy by the previous doctor?*” I said no. He said he would get me one but that it is not an F1 Form but an F42 Form. I asked what the difference was but he could not tell me. I then requested that my handwritten requests be photocopied and attached to the hospital’s F42 Form while I would attach the original to my copy of the form. He said the nurses will do that for me and they did.
8. ***That I expressed the belief that the entire process of evaluation of my mental state is flawed and lacked medical objectivity.*** He was embarrassed when he heard me say this and was unable to look me in the eyes. His gaze looked down onto the floor and then he mumbled something incoherent. Finally he said I could request a second opinion. I said I will avail myself of this right tomorrow or tonight if another physician is at hand. He said no it is too late. Then he said that it is not his signature on the evaluation and that he did not make the decision to keep me at the hospital under Form 42 but the previous physician. I reminded him that the previous physician was but an intern and thus just a student. I asked: “Are you telling me that I am being held against my will on the expertise of a student doctor?” He said Dr. Orr was a doctor and yes also an intern. I asked if she had a psychiatry specialty and he said no. I asked if he was a fully accredited psychiatrist and he said yes.
9. ***That my computer and documents have at all times been in safekeeping at the hospital and were not taken by the police or accessed by the police.*** He said that as far as he knew my things have at all times been held by the hospital in safekeeping.
10. ***If you read a police report or any other report about me before assessing me.*** He said he had talked on the phone with Constable Diane McCarthy shortly after I was admitted and that she had given him extensive information about me. ***I then asked if that is standard practice and if that did not influence his objectivity and potentially his impartiality.*** He said it is standard practice and shook his head from side to side and shrugged his shoulders before he hesitatingly said that “potentially it does have an influence but that when the police has information we must take it into account.”

When I finished I asked him “*Will you please acknowledge by signing that you, Dr. Murray, refused to sign any of the above requests for confirmation.*” He said “*I will not sign anything*”.

I followed him into the adjacent room and he handed me a copy of the Form 42. When I looked at the form I was shocked to see that what was written on it and what Dr. Murray had told me were the reasons for being held back for 72 hours of observation were two entirely different things. In Part A the form says that the “*physician has certified that he/she has reasonable cause to believe that you have shown or are showing a lack of competence to care for yourself and that you are suffering from a mental disorder of a nature or quality that likely will result in serious physical impairment of you.*”

I asked Dr. Murray why the Form 42 said completely different things from what he had told me his medical opinion was. He said he had not written it. It was Dr. Orr who wrote it. I said I was

told by Dr. Orr that the final decision would be made by the Psychiatrist that was to see me, thus by you Dr. Murray. He said he would write his own report but that it was not him who confined me to the 72 hour observation against my will. I then pointed out that I was being held against my will on the opinion of a twenty-five-year-old intern with no expertise in psychiatry whatsoever. He shrugged his shoulders. I then warned him that there would be legal repercussions for this. He said he had nothing to do with it since he did not sign the Form 42 and would not sign it.

In the hallway I asked a nurse to copy my hand notes and attach them to the hospital's Form 42. She did and handed me back the original notes.

Past midnight, I was taken to a bed in the emergency ward and a guard was posted at the foot of my bed for the entire night. I went to sleep quickly since I was dead tired.

Monday, 16 May 2011

The moment I woke up I was asked to return to the holding cell at the front of the ward. I complained that the room was windowless and that it had no bed. I asked how long it would be until a doctor saw me but no one could tell me. I told the staff that if I don't go home soon my son's fish and frogs would die and that if I did not do my work I would lose my contract. The nurses said I would have to wait for the attending psychiatrist.

On the way to the holding cell I requested a meeting with the director of the hospital and the head of psychiatry because it was clear to me that I was being held at the hospital against my will not because there were valid medical reasons but because the police had requested it. Once again, I was told I should take that up with the attending psychiatrist.

I called my friend Ishin Kaya and asked him to come to Kingston to find me a lawyer, get me some clean clothes and socks and get me the computer cable and the mobile charger. He agreed to come even though he would have to drive 4 hours from Waterloo. I felt that slowly he was becoming my lifeline to the outside world and felt grateful for his friendship and loyalty.

While waiting in the holding cell my wife called me on my mobile and asked if she could have the car key so they could move my SUV from the movie theatre parking lot to the driveway at home. I said sure and asked her to get me the mobile phone charger and the computer cable since I was running out of battery on both. An hour later the nurse came into the room, gave me a Ziplock bag containing my mobile charger and computer cable and said someone had come to pick up the car key. I handed it to her and looked around the corner to see who it was that came. I caught a glimpse of Cindy's father. She came back to ask me for the mailbox key. I said this was my key and that my wife should use her own key.

I idled the time by calling my sister in Florida to let her know what had happened to me and then wrote an account of what had occurred since my arrival at the hospital. I had taken copious notes so I was able to recollect every detail.

Attending psychiatrist, Dr. Leslie Flynn (a female doctor), came in at 11:30 AM with two female interns and asked me the following questions:

1. **Why do I think I am in the hospital for a psychiatric evaluation?** I explained that it is due to my wife's deliberate and malicious misrepresentation of my actions, character and mental state in a report that she and her lawyer have filed with the police and also due to her family's influence with the Kingston Police department through friends who are on the force and who brought me here because my wife is trying to make a case that I am mentally unfit to be with my children. This will give her legal advantage when we come before a judge to divorce and a decision must be made as to who gets custody of the children and how the assets are split.
2. **Why did I deem it necessary to go to Europe and empty the family's bank accounts?** I explained that I did not empty the family's bank accounts but merely spent a month's wage, my wage, on the plane ticket and hotel expenses while in Strasbourg, France. And that because my wife is not working, still being on maternity leave, and my wage is our sole income and would barely cover the costs of the trip to France, I asked my wife that she survives on her own credit for the time I would be in Europe, which could be just a few days or a few weeks. This was the only solution possible given that my credit is maxed out while my wife still has a \$30,000 credit line that is untouched.
3. **How did I get to max my credit? Is it not because of the trip to Europe?** I said no that is not how it happened. My wife has not worked for an entire year being on maternity leave and because our monthly expenses are c. \$6,000, while my monthly income is only \$4,500, every month I had to fill a gap of \$1,500 with my credit. My maxed credit line is therefore the result of cumulative expenses over a period of one year as a result of having to live on my wage only and having to absorb the shortfall with my credit line alone and not that of my wife's, whose, we decided, would be good to keep intact just in case we have to rely on it in an emergency.
4. **Whether I believe that spending one month's salary to go to Europe on a protest was a responsible thing to do given the family's strapped financial situation?** I explained that it was the only time possible. Since my wife was scheduled to return to work in May, I had a small window of opportunity to go to Europe before her return to work. The timing was also ideal because I had filed with the European Court at the beginning of March. Due to backlog the Court takes six months to assess the merit of an application and then probably a couple of years until the court case. During this time countless young people would be affected by the covert program of surveillance and censorship I have uncovered and thus countless lives would be ruined by State interference in higher education that is unlawful and unethical and that violates several Articles of the European Convention and international law. I went to Europe to shut

down the program and save those potentially affected from meeting with the same fate I had.

5. **How do you feel?** I said I had prepared a written answer for this question since I had anticipated it. I asked if I could read it and she nodded her approval.
- a. I'm tired because it is impossible to get to a decent night sleep with the all snoring and noise in the ward.
 - b. I am filthy because there are no shower facilities and I was brought in here unexpectedly on the notion that I would undergo a psychological evaluation and then go home.
 - c. I am wearing sweaty and wrinkled clothes because I came here unprepared on the notion that I would undergo psychological evaluation and then go home.
 - d. I am angry because the diagnosis I received is flawed in every way and because I am being held against my will.
 - e. My job is being jeopardized because I have no access to my office and work keeps coming in.
 - f. My pets are dying at home because there is no one there to take care of them.
 - g. I have urgent banking to do and bills to pay since I have been out of the country for 32 days.
 - h. I am supposed to go to family court and the children's aid society to get the process started that will give me partial custody of the children.
 - i. I have to see my lawyer to start the legal process of separation because my wife has done irreparable harm to our relationship.
 - j. And most importantly I want and need to see my sons and get them back home where they belong.

Having finished with her line of questioning, which was worthy of a tax man and struck me as totally irrelevant medically, I asked her to take a look at the evidence I have of my wife's malicious actions but she refused to. I pointed out that Cindy had premeditated her attack on my character and on my worthiness as a father by telling people and the authorities that I am mentally unstable. She looked at me with an empty stare. The moment I reached for the bag with the evidence of my wife's misdeeds Dr. Flynn bolted from her chair and went out the door saying she is busy and that the team in charge of my care would be looking at that. I asked who my team was and she replied Dr. Oliver and staff because it was Dr. Oliver who admitted me. I said I have not yet seen or met Dr. Oliver. She said I would soon. I said how could he have admitted me if I did not see or meet him? She did not reply but just walked out as fast as she could.⁷

⁷ Throughout the duration of my stay in the hospital I never met Dr. Oliver, who, I was told by someone in Johnson Three, the psychiatric ward at Hotel Dieu Hospital, is actually a woman.

As she departed I asked her if I could meet with the director of the hospital and the head of psychiatry. She said no. I asked what would happen to me. She said I would be taken upstairs to Johnson 3 and held there until the 72-hour assessment period expired.

When I arrived upstairs I realized that Johnson 3 was like a prison and that I would not be allowed to leave the area of confinement. I was welcomed by a male nurse who proved to be a most affable man. My computer and mobile phone were taken away from me. I was told patients are not allowed to have mobile phones or computers while there.

I was placed in a single room, one of only two rooms on the entire floor with a surveillance camera. When I complained later in the day that this is an invasion of privacy I was told the camera did not work and no one could see anything.

Within a few hours it became obvious that every patient in Johnson 3 was heavily drugged. Young and old walked around the hallway like zombies, eyes glazed and faces rigid and expressionless. The place had a depressing feeling. There was no color on the walls and everything was old, dirty and decrepit. I asked why the place was so run down and was told that a new facility has been built at the Kingston General Hospital and that everything would move there next month. I found it very conducive to insanity and wondered how anyone got out of there with their mind intact. I knew I would have to stay calm and composed otherwise I too would be drugged.

Tuesday, 17 May 2011

I am left alone and no one tries to give me drugs. I befriend Andrew, a young tall mulatto with a childish face and a liking for pharmaceuticals. Spend time making puzzles and talking to other patients. I even attend a therapy session since there is nothing to do.

I ask the hospital to hand over my computer to my friend when Ishin came to visit me. I fill the day with thoughts of my children. I miss them terribly and my heart is heavy. I try to comprehend how Cindy could live with herself. I remind myself that she is sick and that one day she will come to her senses and realize what she had done to me and to her own children. I feel abysmally sorry for her.

There is nothing to do and time crawls. The food sucks and I am worried that I will lose my contract with Hong Kong. I am hungry because there is hardly any meat with the meals and there is nowhere near enough food.

The irony does not escape me that the police and the medical profession have confined me here purportedly out of concern for my wellbeing only to starve me with hospital food when what I need is a rich diet to put on the pounds I lost during the hunger strike. Had I been mentally unstable, as my sick wife and her family's friends in the police department would have it, I

would have really lost it in Johnson 3. Had I been physically weakened by the hunger strike to the point that I could not take care of myself, as the Form 42 maintains, I would have really fallen ill in Johnson 3 due to malnutrition. Had I been emotionally weak, the shock of having my children taken away from me, my wife act like Judas, and the authorities treat me like an insane criminal, I would have really had grounds to jump out a window. But since none of these were true I kept my head and bid my time.

Before my meeting with the psychiatrist I tell the nursing station that I want my session to be videotaped since I have a feeling that I may need it as evidence in court. The nurse says that though this is unusual she sees no reason why this cannot be arranged.

Just before lunch I am called to see Dr. Duncan Scott. Just as I enter the office I ask him if my session will be recorded, as I have requested earlier. He says the session will not be recorded. I ask why and he replies because it is not necessary. Within minutes it becomes clear that Dr. Scott is the first competent psychiatrist I have encountered so far and the first one who does not read Diane McCarthy's script. I trust him immediately and breathe a sigh of relief that I am finally in good hands. His interview is short and to the point. He stays factual and asks questions in a cerebral fashion, all the while taking notes. He has no preconceived notions. Among the questions he asks is whether I sleep well and before I answer he reads from his file that I have problems sleeping. I tell him that the file is incorrect and that I actually sleep like a baby. That is good, he says, and corrects his file. The thought that Dr. Murray or Dr. Flynn had falsified my chart in order to justify my confinement takes hold in my head and I wonder what else they have written in my chart that is not true. I think of Peter Presland's comment: *"Do not make the mistake of assuming high ethical standards on the part of the medical/psychological/psychiatric profession...You only have to consider their involvement in the torture at Guantanamo to see why."* I wonder what Peter thinks has happened to me since I did not send him an article for publication on Monday, May 16, which was the due date.

I meet Chuck, an elderly businessman who is in the hospital due to his brother's malicious misrepresentations. He is highly intelligent and great company. We have a soulful and long conversation. He is, unfortunately for me, released that day.

I attend a therapy session in the afternoon. The room is full and the therapists are asking us to name an affirmative statement that describes us best from a list of 44 possibilities. When my turn comes I say *"I love myself for who I am"*. Both therapists ask almost in unison *"Do you really mean that."* When I say yes without hesitation they look at each other and I can feel that they are thinking 'this guy truly does not belong here'.

My friend Ishin arrives at visiting hours and brings me clean clothes and his sunny disposition to cheer me up. He brings me up-to-date on what the lawyers have to say, which is that I will have to finish my 72 hours of observation and then sign myself out. He is like a breath of fresh air and encourages me to see my time in the hospital like a mini vacation. He prepared a professionally

looking file for me which would have cost him many hours of work. I thank my lucky stars for having such a friend. He brings me emotional support that is priceless and that gives me the strength to breeze through the insanity of Johnson 3. He is living proof that there is decency and dignity in this world, a notion shattered by my wife's indecency. The staff begins to treat me like a normal human being and not like a damaged soul.

Rob Hetherington comes to visit me and brings me a cup of Starbucks coffee. He sits on the edge of the bed and refuses to look at Cindy's emails inside the file Ishin prepared for me. All the while he has an embarrassed look on his face, as though he is hiding something. When he leaves I wonder if the camera in the room had recorded our conversation.

Wednesday, 18 May 2011

This is the day of my release though no one on staff says anything else other than that Dr. Scott will decide today whether I will be released or not. After a short visit with Dr. Scott and the affable male nurse who welcomed me into the ward, I am told that I will be released at 5PM. Dr. Scott tells me I should be careful since "*You are a person of interest to the police*". In my mind I say I have been a person of interest to the authorities ever since I became a political activist and started publishing articles critical of the government. He asks me if I would like to see him at his practice one more time and I ask if this is necessary. He says no but perhaps it would be good for me to have one more session with him. I say that since he is the only doctor I trust from the many I met during my last three days, I would be more than happy to see him. He says "*that shows you have poor judgement*" and we all laugh. I add that it would be great to have someone to vent to. I thank Dr. Scott for his objectivity and professionalism and ask when I can have a copy of his report. He says he will send a copy to my family doctor as soon as he is finished writing the report.

The nurse catches up with me in the hallway to tell me that my blood test shows a slight deficiency in Vitamin B 12 and that they have prepared a doze for me. I thank her and swallow the Vitamin B12. It is the only pill I was given throughout my stay at Johnson 3. Shortly after I feel tired and fall asleep. A nurse wakes me up at 3 PM and asks me to follow her. She escorts me to one of the examination rooms. I feel dazed and wonder if the Vitamin B 12 I was given was something else. To my surprise two cops are waiting for me in the room.

One of the officers, a female, charges me with criminal domestic harassment and reads me my rights. I ask if my wife laid the charges and I am told that it was the police and not my wife or her family. I ask how on earth could I be charged with domestic harassment when all I did was to knock on my in-laws' door to see if my children are all right. She says that this would all be resolved in court. I then ask what the next step is and I am told that I would be taken to the police station to sign some papers and then released.

They handcuff me with the hands behind my back and escort me out of the hospital like a convicted criminal, put me in the back of the cruiser and drive me straight to the police station. As soon as the handcuffs are strapped on my wrists I complain that they are too tight and are cutting off my blood circulation, but I am told it won't kill me. Once in the police cruiser I tell the cop that it is impossible to sit on my arms and that I should at least be handcuffed with my hands in front so I can sit properly. The cop refuses.

At the police station I am taken to the basement and asked to surrender my shoes, watch, belt, money and to empty my pockets. My computer, documents bag and clothes are placed in large clear plastic bags and then dumped in bins. I am then fingerprinted – one by one my fingers are guided in circular motions by the constable's hands through black ink and white paper – and finally photographed. I ask if I am allowed to smile and I am told it is up to me. I smile for the blinding flash to avoid the mug shot look. To my surprise only a frontal picture is taken, no profile.

I ask to call a lawyer and the cops show me into a soundproofed telephone booth. I dial the number of the first lawyer on my list with the door open because there is no light in the phone booth and I get an immediate dead line tone. I dial again and again the dead line tone comes on. I stick my head out of the booth and tell the two constables present that the phone is out of order. They say it is just busy. I reply that it is not a busy tone but a dead line tone I am getting. The two have distinct tones. They say I should try again. I try the second lawyer on my list this time but get the same result. I try again and again the line is dead. I complain that the line is not working and cannot contact a lawyer. They say they will call legal aid since I have exhausted my calls and that they will put me on when legal aid calls back. I am then locked into holding cell 19 and its heavy metal door slides shut with a disturbing metallic screech.

For the first time in my life I am in jail and the confined space makes me feel as though I am buried alive. The cell is made of bare concrete, is no larger than 7 by 7 feet, has a stainless steel toilet and sink and a narrow concrete slab for a bench. There is no mattress, no chair and no pillows. A camera peers down from the ceiling and two neon lights shine at a 45° angle from one side of the cell. It is about 4PM and my world has been turned upside down. My wife has turned out to be my number one enemy and my children, for whom I would give my life without hesitation, have been taken away from me. The only thing left to lose is my mind. A torrent of feelings and emotions rage through me and I know that unless I dig deep and take control I will never make it out of here. I assume the lotus position and try to still my mind by controlling my breath. Before long I am meditating and am transposed onto a beach, the ocean lapping at my feet. I find stillness and smile because I am the master of my soul.

Mental poise is my weapon and my shelter. As long as I keep my mental poise no one will be able to touch me and my wife's lies and the Crown's charge will shatter. An hour or two into the meditation I become aware that I am being watched through the camera. Strangely, the thought that I am being watched gives me additional strength to deny Detective Diane McCarthy, who is behind my persecution and imprisonment, the satisfaction of thinking that she can crush me emotionally and psychologically. Armed with this new understanding, the walls around me melt like butter in the sun and I feel free and on top of the situation.

I now have the upper hand and to show this to Detective McCarthy I stand up and begin a sequence of Yoga postures: sun salutations, stretches, even head stands. Diane must be punching the walls of her office, I think to myself with satisfaction. I continue with my yoga until around c. 7PM when the metal door opens and I am told Legal Aid is on the phone. I ask why it took so long and am told that it is up to Legal Aid when they get back. I disbelieve everything the cops tell me. The truth, I reason, is that they were waiting for me to freak out in the cell so that they could then make a case that I am mentally unstable. But since I stayed as calm as a summer breeze their plan shattered.

Legal Aid tells me not to worry because they will take me out tomorrow morning when we go to court. The voice on the line is upbeat and confident and I feel even more positive after the conversation. They advise me not to talk to the police and I assure them that I have no intentions.

I am then taken back to my cell where I notice that the radiant heat has been turned off. Shortly after, I am given a MacDonald's quarter pounder for dinner. Its smell and taste tell me the burger is at least a day old. I bite into it reluctantly because it has a disturbing smell. Its taste is even worse and the texture is like rubber but force myself to eat it because there is nothing else. Shortly after I feel sick to my stomach and have to make a mental effort not to vomit.

My cell is cold and the unheated concrete gives me the shivers. I realize that the police have turned the heat off in my cell on purpose, undoubtedly as part of their plan to crack me. All I am wearing is a T-shirt and a pair of thin canvas pants. I have been in those clothes since I left France six days ago and I have only washed them once at the hospital.

After a few more exercises I lie down and try to sleep. It must be 8PM. The concrete slab is rock hard and ice cold and I have to change position every few minutes not to get stiff. It will be a long night. As annoying as the hardness under me is the harshness of the light. As soon as I hear a cop walking down the hall I ask him when the light will go off. He barks back "never". I think: Guantanamo, inhumane, police state. Canada is going to the pits.

A few hours later the metal door creaks open and Detective Diane McCarthy accompanied by a male cop stands in the door and says she wants to talk to me. I am still sleepy since they woke me up and have no idea what time it is. I assume it is morning. I say I have no desire to speak to her or anyone else without the presence of my attorney. *"Then just listen to what I have to say"*, she exclaims. *"Alright"*, I say.

I follow her upstairs into yet another windowless office. I muse that half a cop's life is spent in windowless rooms. *"I want this to be taped"*, I say. *"It is being recorded"*, she answers. She starts by saying that she wants to give me a chance to tell my side of the story. I say it is too late. *"That boat has sailed."* You have already falsely charged me with domestic harassment and I will not say a word without my lawyer present. She is clearly unhappy with my answer. I remind her that I came to the police station on Saturday but that no one wanted to listen to me.

She talked about finances trying to get me to respond to my wife's allegations that I have drained the family's bank accounts, which is a complete lie.

I took issue with the time of the interview. I asked why midnight would be an appropriate time to have this conversation. She said she must have her report ready by tomorrow.

At one point in her rambling I said to her that she has nothing and is desperately trying to make a case in the absence of any evidence. My suggestion that she is grasping at straws made her visibly angry.

Towards the end of her soliloquy I said the fact that the Crown and not my wife has laid the charge of domestic harassment smells fishy to me and is an indication that my arrest may be politically motivated. She smiled smugly at my comment and said nothing. The conversation was over in less than twenty minutes. On my way down to the cell I saw a clock. It showed 11:35PM.

Before the constable on duty put me back in my cell I asked for my shirt and Detective McCarthy gave him permission to give me my long-sleeved shirt. Detective McCarthy left and the constable on duty went into the back room to get my bin. He puts it at my feet and asks me which shirt want. I show him and as he tears open the plastic bag I notice that my computer is missing from the bin. I ask him where my computer is and he is clearly caught off-guard. He doesn't know what to say and then reluctantly mumbles that he does not know where my computer is.

In my mind I guess that Detective McCarthy has it and is copying its hard drive⁸. I am not surprised at her unlawful actions.

Thursday, 19 May 2011

In the morning I received a MacDonald's bagel with bacon that smelled, tasted and felt every bit as old as the burgher from yesterday. I did not eat it.

Around 9AM I am taken out of my cell and given my shoes back. It is time to go to court the cop says. There are several other offenders. I ask for my belt since my pants are falling off. They say they cannot give it to me.

My feet are shackled and with one hand I hang on to my pants. It is hard to walk and degrading to have to take baby steps. I am placed in a metal box on the back of a van that is no bigger than 8 feet long, 4 feet wide and 5 feet tall. Four other men are squeezed inside and we sit close to each side by side. There are a few holes in the door but otherwise no window. The only light comes through these holes and it is awfully claustrophobic once the door closes. Once the door closes there is also no air coming in other than from two air ducts. It gets stifling within minutes and it is impossible not to feel that I am suffocating. Sweat pours from my back and forehead. The van shakes wildly over every bump in the road. We sit sideways and our heads hit the ceiling unless we duck. I feel motion sick.

Luckily, the ride to the court house on Wellington Street is short. We talk throughout the trip. Most of the guys know each other and even know the men in the other three compartments in the van. I meet Tim, Mike and Clayton. Clayton is obviously disturbed and talks in a loud and forceful manner, as though intent that all the world hears him. Mike keeps quiet. He is older and battered, though a strong man. He has the eyes of a drug addict. Tim is thin, tall, frail and gentle. He is an alcoholic. I forget the name and face of the other man. I can only recollect that he is young.

At the court house we are placed in a bare concrete cell with heavy bars on one side, dark spy glass on the other and the same stainless steel toilet and sink as at the police station. There are of course no windows.

Tim and I sit beside each other and talk. We have the same sneakers. He is familiar with the system and fills me in on what will happen next. Clayton is agitated and paces from one side of

⁸ This was confirmed on May 24 when Detective McCarthy asked my friend, Ishin, who had come to the courthouse to bail me out, if he had looked at Turkish websites while he had my computer. She could not have known this unless she looked at my computer's browsing history while my computer was at the police station.

the cell to the other. There are some eight men in the cell. Everyone is talking. It is loud and the sound reverberates.

No one knows what time it is since there are no clocks anywhere and the cops, when they are around, will not volunteer the time. They come every now and then to let one or two men out of the cell and into the conversation boxes where they get to see their lawyers or, as in my case, the duty council. Time passes slowly.

The water spout is not working. To get the water to come out one must apply hard and continuous pressure otherwise the water comes out in a powerful stream and splashes everyone in the room, which is what happens on three different occasions during the six hours we are held there. It is so difficult to get water that everyone in the room drinks as little as possible. By the end of the day I feel totally dehydrated.

My turn comes after lunch, which consists of a sandwich and a juice box. The name of my duty council is Michael Rodé and he looks Middle Eastern and competent. He is hurried and talks quickly. We converse through thick glass. He asks me if I have a lawyer or someone to bail me out. I answer no to each question. I explain that I was not able to contact a lawyer since the phone at the police station did not work. He asks me for phone numbers of family or friends who could bail me out. I give him two names but no telephone numbers since I cannot remember them. He is upset at me that I have not memorised any phone numbers. He explains that without a surety I will not be let out. I ask what a surety is and he fires off a quick explanation half of which I miss. He says he will call my friends to see if they agree to act as surety and come to the court house within the hour. I explain that one of the people on the list lives in Waterloo, four hours away. They will then be unable to come here on time, he points out. The meeting is over in ten minutes or less. I have to bang on the door for just as long for a cop to let me out of the booth and back into the holding cell.

I am among the last to be called into the court house, which is upstairs. Shackled I walk up the stairs in penguin fashion, holding on to my pants. It is around 2 PM. Another cop waits for me at the top of the stairs and lets me into a cell that looks nearly identical to the one at the police station. I wait for a couple of minutes and am then led into the court room. I am placed on a platform behind a glass wall. The judge is female and some sixty years old and there are at least ten people in the court room.

Michael, my duty council, stands at the entrance to the platform. He gestures to me to bend over and listen to his whispers. He tells me that my friend in town did not want to act as surety but that my friends from out of town agreed to come. However, since they cannot be here on time I would have to return to jail until the next day. I leave the court room having had only the chance to speak my name.

I ask myself what happened to innocent until proven guilty. My head is racing and I am angry as hell. I wonder if I will be taken back to the police station to spend the long weekend in that awful cell. To my relief, the other offenders tell me that I will be taken to the Quinte Detention Centre. I ask what it is like and am told that I will be in a dorm with 30 other men all wearing orange overalls.

At 4:30 PM we are loaded back onto the van and driven to Quinte, which is some 45 minutes away in Napanee. There is no sense of time or space anymore since we are deprived of windows and clocks. I almost vomit in the cage-like space of the van. I live in a nightmare and I don't know when it will end. Clayton rages at cops during the entire trip. He says he will blast them all to hell with his bazookas the moment he gets out of jail. Those who know the system complain that we will miss dinner and that we will have to eat baloney sandwiches, which is indeed what happens. Tim becomes my chaperone. He guides me through every step before it happens. It is rather comforting to have him. He goes through the rules with me. The oddest one is no whistling. I love to whistle.

At Quinte I go through the admission process. Shackles are removed and we are placed in a holding cell. Then one by one we come out to give our names and sign some papers after which we have to strip and put our clothes on a hanger, turn around, bend over, pull our buns apart so the guard can have a better look at our assholes, lift up our feet to show the soles, and then get dressed in jail garb: baby blue shorts, orange T-shirt, orange overall, beige socks and dark blue canvass shoes from China. My size is large for the shorts, XL for the overalls and 2X for the T-shirt. We are then led through a long corridor with multiple gates opening and closing behind us only to finally arrive in dorm 4, a long room with 20 foot ceilings and eight bunk beds on either side spaced four feet apart. There are only six beds free, none at the bottom, and I end up on nr. 12 and Tim on the bed to my left.

The room is noisy and animated. The men are walking back and forth, talking, playing games, watching TV, lying down, reading. Somehow, I am happy there is so much going on. I am happy I am not alone. Compared to the police cell this is heaven. Everyone assures me that Quinte has the best food and that doing time here is not so bad. Still, I am in a nightmare and I have no one to thank but my wife.

I call my friend Ishin and ask him to be my surety and get me out of here. I explain what a surety is and he agrees to return to Kingston the next day. I am moved by his willingness to help and by the sacrifices he is willing to make on my behalf.

By 9:30 PM I am dead tired but it is impossible to sleep because there is too much light and noise. There are no pillows and the only comfort is a raised portion at the top of the mattress. I lie down and cover my face with the only towel I have. I fall asleep; sort of.

Friday, 20 May 2011

The lights come on at 6 AM but fainter lights shine through the night. I shower before anyone wakes up and then meditate on my bed. There are two showers, two toilets, one urinal and two sinks. The bathroom is separated from the dorm by a glass wall from the waste up with the lower two feet glazed for partial privacy. It is dirty but not filthy. The entire jail is old and has a sixties look. The only new things are the windows and no one is happy with them because they are glazed whereas the old ones were clear. The only sounds are those of men snoring or farting. It is surprisingly peaceful.

At 7:30 breakfast is brought in and everyone eats within five minutes. At 9AM my name is called along with several others. We are to return to the courthouse. The admission routine is performed in reverse. By 10AM we are at the courthouse and back into that awful holding cell with no properly running water and no windows.

I meet Michael, my duty council, for a few minutes and tell him that my surety is coming, but he gives me no assurances that I will be out. Hours pass before I appear in court. I am the last one and the courthouse is empty save for my friend, Ishin, who sits at the back in suit and tie and who gives me an encouraging smile. The same female judge resides over the court.

The Crown's lawyer, a female, gets up and tells the judge that the police are examining new evidence that I accessed my wife's email account and erased emails. She asks the judge that I be held in custody for another 72 hours since I may pose a threat to my wife.

I ask to speak and the judge grants me the opportunity. I explain that if I am returned to prison I will probably lose my contract with Hong Kong and thus my livelihood. This in turn means that I will be unable to pay the mortgage on the house and that I will therefore lose the house and my family will end up on the street. The judge, however, is not interested.

Since Monday, May 23, is a statutory holiday the judge sets the bail hearing date for Tuesday, May 24, at 2PM and I am whisked out of the court room. I steal a glance at Ishin and he looks as dejected as I feel. I ask him to find me a lawyer.

Back in the holding cell the inmates are surprised that I was not released. They say someone like me, without a criminal record or a history of violence, should have been released on his own

recognisance. I explain that there may be a political dimension to my case. They want me to explain and I do. They are all eyes and ears and I become a bit of a celebrity. From that moment on the inmates look at me with different eyes, with a degree of respect.

The return to jail seems oddly familiar even though it is only my second time. I marvel at how fast I have accommodated myself to my new circumstances. I think of my father and wonder how he survived for five years as a political prisoner in Romania. I tell myself if he did it for five years then sure as hell I can do it for five days.

I meet many of the inmates and get to know some of their sad stories. Al, a tall and elderly inmate with a wistful smile, says I should write a book when I get out about on how to cope with being in prison, a book for first timers. I find the idea to be an excellent one and we talk for a good hour about the content and format of the book.

In the evening there is much smoking in the dorm and the smell of marihuana wafts through the air and lingers for hours. Even though I don't smoke I feel a bit high and once again fall asleep long before the lights are turned off.

Saturday, 21 May 2011

At 6 AM I am up and ten minutes later showered and primed. I then spend a good hour drafting a statement for publication by WikiSpooks and Cryptome in case I am not let out on Tuesday. It is my security just in case everything else fails and my incarceration proves to be politically motivated.

I wait for 9:30 AM, the time when the phones are turned on, with great impatience and call my friends. Nursen answers and I ask her to write down the following:

Message from The Man Inside by Kevin Galalae

I have returned to Canada on May 13 to an empty house, my wife having left with my children, and was arrested on May 15. I have been held against my will ever since, first in a hospital's psychiatry ward and then, two hours before my release from hospital, I was arrested on false charges laid by the Crown (domestic harassment) and incarcerated even though I have no criminal record, no history of violence, no court injunctions or breeches and have not threatened anyone.

The police have actively prevented me from seeing my children. Three different lawyers have refused to take my case. My hunger strike in France, which I ended on May 12 because my absence from home began to take too great a toll on my six-year-old son has been held against me as evidence of mental instability even though I passed the hospital's 72-hour psychological assessment with flying colors.

I consider my incarceration an attempt by the government of Canada to prevent me from writing and exposing the misdeeds of our governments and their violations of human rights and civil liberties under the pretext of countering radicalization.

I am now for all intents and purposes a political prisoner.

(I have dictated this short message by phone from the Quinte Detention Centre on May 21.)

We get 20 minutes outside; my first time in the sun in seven days. I soak up the sun like manna from heaven.

Even though I try to put on a brave face, I struggle with my thoughts and suffer from terrible longing for my children. I think especially about Ben and how much he must hurt and this only aggravates my pain. How he must question my love for him. I feel as though my heart has been ripped out of my chest and a horde of animals are trampling on it. I resent my wife and question to what degree my incarceration is the result of her smear campaign, political interference, and to Tyler Marshall's influence within the police department through his many friends.

Late afternoon there is a chapel call and I line up along with 10 other men, the maximum allowed, to attend an hour of song and preaching. Two elderly men meet us in the chapel and shake our hands heartily. One sings for 45 minutes about love and loss and the other talks for 15 about heaven and hell. They are both dismally bad at their arts but I am grateful for the diversion.

After dinner, Tim, my neighbour and new friend, shows me his hidden talent. He makes crosses out of candy foil and cotton strings pulled out of the blankets. He makes me one and I baptize him the Cross Maker, much to his satisfaction. His cross is precious and I promise him to keep it forever. We poke fun at his nickname and create a myth around his imagined powers. "*Don't fuck with the Cross Maker*", we laugh. "*He can curse you to hell or send you to heaven.*" Soon after, there is a waiting list for his crosses. Everyone wants one but Tim restricts himself to four a day. He relishes his new status and nickname.

Sunday, 22 May 2011

The moment I get up at 6AM I resolve to make it a good day and I succeed.

By the afternoon several of the inmates praise me for doing so well in jail. Mike, a 48-year-old drug addict, says he misjudged me. When he first saw me he thought I would not make it in jail and break down. He says I must be very strong mentally to cope with incarceration so well. From the tone in his voice and body language I can tell that I have earned his respect.

I spend a good chunk of the day talking to Tim and Chris and playing backgammon and chess with Mihai and James.

It is only in the evening that I am beset by longing for my children and struggle to keep my composure. Several of the inmates notice my internal struggle and try to comfort me with stories and encouragement. I come to feel a bond with the men in the dorm, a strange closeness, a brotherhood of sorts.

My gloominess is dispelled by the horseplay of the young guys and the cajoling of Number Four, the Vietnamese who is serving one year for being caught with several kilograms of marihuana. He speaks in a hoarse voice that is the antithesis of his frail frame. His teeth are rotten and many are missing and his youthful face is visited by an ever-changing variety of expressions, from sorrowful and tragic to hilarious and crazed. It seems that every thought that passes through his mind immediately becomes another face. He speaks of white pussy and other things I cannot comprehend because his accent is too strong. He then compares Asian and Caucasian dimensions much to the satisfaction of the younger inmates.

Monday, 23 May 2011

It is a day I spend doubting that I will be released on Tuesday, otherwise much the same as the previous day: lots of backgammon, lots of talk and lots of pacing. I exchange emails and telephone numbers with several of the men I have befriended.

Tuesday, 24 May 2011

Shortly after 9AM my name is called for court. We are processed and locked in the van. Tim and I are alone in the compartment. The trip seems longer than usual. The holding cell, however, is just as dismal.

Just before lunch I meet my lawyer, David Sinnett. He is young and likeable and sports short, fair hair. He asks me to wait for the people in the other booth to finish so we can have privacy. It takes some five minutes of waiting before we are alone.

He tells me there is a good chance I will be let out but I must concede to the Crown's request that I give up my copies of the emails from my wife's secret account and have him hang on to the only copy we are allowed to keep. I wonder how he knows about these emails, or more exactly how the police knows because he would have found out from them, but have no time to dwell on

it.⁹ I find the request bizarre and illegal and immediately guess that the Crown intends to disallow it as evidence in court on the ground that it was obtained without my wife's permission. I reluctantly agree to it since I know they will not succeed because my wife and I have always had an agreement to have access to each other's email accounts, an agreement made on my wife's insistence because she has problems trusting, an agreement broken by my wife the moment she opened that account without my knowledge and started using it to undermine my credibility and satisfy her deranged hatred.

The Crown knows it has no case if that evidence comes out in court. It shows that my wife has systematically planned and carried out the smearing of my name and reputation by fabricating mental problems. It shows that she is not rational for days on end and suffers from paranoia, delusions and obsessions. It shows that she has acted with premeditation and malice to create suspicion and doubt about my mental health and worthiness as a father and that she has done this ever since she opened that email account in January 2011 in order to pursue a hidden agenda; an agenda that entails a job in Hong Kong, reconnecting with an old boyfriend in Hong Kong, taking my children to Hong Kong, and destroying my relationship with my Hong Kong employer. This agenda can only be achieved if I am deemed unfit to be a father, which hinges on her persuading everyone that I am crazy. This will give her full custody of the children and sole control of our assets and possessions. The Crown also does not know that I possess evidence in the form of hand notes and emails which show that my wife is clearly mentally disturbed and emotionally troubled.

I leave the interview booth with mixed feelings.

At c. 2PM I am called upstairs and as I enter the courtroom David, my lawyer, whispers in my ear a reiteration of the Crown's request. Five minutes later my bail is accepted and my surety, my friend Ishin, is asked to stand up and accept the bail conditions.

I am then taken back to the holding cell and it takes another hour or two before I am allowed to sign the bail paper and walk out of the courthouse as a free man. Not surprisingly, the Crown's request that I give up the email evidence is not among the bail conditions listed on the Recognizance of Bail form, which only confirms the illegality of the request.

It takes the court clerk about half an hour to type and print my Recognisance of Bail, which is the document that spells out the conditions of my release on bail. While the clerk does her job, the

⁹ There are only three possible ways in which the police could have found out that I had my wife's emails from her secret account in my possession: (1) if my computer was monitored when I copied them on the night of the 13th of May (which would explain why I could hardly open and copy them and why they suddenly disappeared from the inbox); (2) if Rob Hetherington told the police after he visited me in the psychiatry ward; or (3) if the camera in my room in the psychiatry ward recorded everything and the police was able to hear my conversation with Rob or my conversations with Ishin.

constable accompanying us calls the police headquarters to inquire if I can get my computer from police safekeeping. He is told it is too late since it is after 4PM and that I should go there tomorrow.

The clerk starts reading my bail conditions and neither my surety, nor I and the police constable present can believe our ears. The bail conditions on my Recognizance are draconian and can only be explained as a deliberate attack on my freedom, family and my ability to write and earn a living. They are eons away from a release on my own recognisance, which is what should have occurred were this a normal case. They read as follows:

1. Reside in Waterloo, Ontario, with surety. No change in address without a prior court ordered variation.
2. Abstain from communication with Cindy Marshall [my wife], Don Marshall [my father-in-law], Marilyn Marshall [my mother-in-law], Angie Lowry [my sister-in-law] or Tyler Marshall [my brother-in-law] or Rob and Susan Hetherington [my friends] in any way directly or indirectly. You're to remain 500 meters away from their person, places of residence, schooling and/or employment [this means that most of the city is off limits to me].
3. Curfew: Not to be away from place of residence between the hours of 12:00AM and 7:00AM unless accompanied by your surety.
4. Keep the peace and be of good behaviour.
5. Not to enter upon the premises known municipally as 412 Emerald Street, Kingston, Ontario [my own house] unless accompanied by member of the Kingston Police for the purposes of securing your personal belongings, one time only.
6. Attorn to the rules and regulations of your surety.
7. Abstain from acquiring or possessing any firearms, cross-bow, long bow, prohibited weapon, restricted weapon, prohibited device, ammunition, prohibited ammunition or explosive substance.
8. Deposit passport with Kingston Police and/or not apply for/obtain/possess any passport for the duration of this release order.
9. Unless with the authorization of CAS [Children's Aid Society] or subsequent Family Court Order; not to be within 500 meters of their person, school, daycare, or residence and no contact/communication directly or indirectly with Ben Marshall-Galalae or Oliver Galalae [my children].
10. Not to enter the City of Kingston unless in the company of your surety.

The bail conditions imposed on me are without a doubt amongst the most severe ever imposed on a Canadian who does not have a criminal record, a history of violence, who has not threatened anyone, who has not breached bail conditions and who is merely charged with domestic

harassment, which is among the lightest offences in the criminal record. Had I been a common citizen I would have been released on my own recognisance.

One must ask why have I not been released on my own recognisance and was instead given nearly impossible and outrageous bail conditions? Why am I not allowed to enter my own house or live in it when the house is empty since my wife left with the children of her own volition prior to my return to Canada? Why do I have to live 4 hours away and have a curfew when I never posed a danger or uttered a threat to anyone in my life and when my surety expressed his willingness to stay at my house for as long as he needs to? Why do I have to surrender my passport and am not allowed to “*apply for/obtain/possess any passport for the duration of this release order*”? Why am I not allowed to be within 500 meters of my children, school, daycare, or residence and can have no contact/communication with them either directly or indirectly? Last but not least, why can I not enter the City of Kingston without my surety?

These absurd conditions make no sense in the context of my domestic harassment charge or my personal record as a law-abiding citizen, loving father, primary caregiver for my children, devoted husband and peaceful person. They do however make perfect sense if the objectives of the police are:

1. to destroy me by my destroying the source of my strength, my family, by alienating me from my wife and children (hence the no contact order either directly or indirectly with my wife and children, even though my wife subsequently asked the police to drop the charges and has shown signs that she wants to reconcile);
2. to prevent me from publishing articles critical of the government or researching further state misdeeds (hence the police’s refusal to return my laptop computer from police custody and to allow me to take my desktop computer, scanner, printer and fax from my office at home, where I have always worked from);
3. to stop me from traveling abroad and continuing my hunger strike in Strasbourg, France, or engaging in further political activism (hence the confiscation of my Canadian passport and the prohibition that I use or apply for any other passport, such as my Romanian passport, since I hold dual citizenship, Romanian and Canadian);
4. to show me that the Canadian Government acting on behalf of Britain can and will take away my children despite my and my wife’s wishes and despite my ascending public prominence as a civil rights activist (hence the prohibition that I am not to come anywhere near my children despite being their primary caregiver and despite the fact that my wife needs me to come home and take care of the children so she can return to her teaching position – a prohibition that is a slap on my face given that my hunger strike pamphlet in Europe was entitled “HANDS OFF OUR CHILDREN”);
5. to undermine my ability to fulfill my writing and consulting duties according to my contractual obligations, thus causing me to lose my job and go bankrupt (hence the confiscation of all my computers and office equipment, work database, and reference

books and materials which are critical to my work, as well as the prohibition that I am not to enter my own home, which is designed to ensure that I cannot work from my office, further handicapping me).

In analysing the conditions of bail imposed on me by the Crown vis-à-vis my alleged crime of domestic harassment it becomes evident that the police have ulterior motives, motives that have nothing to do with protecting my family or from the potential of further harassment. Who is directing the police to act this way is, of course, an open question. What is certain is that I am subjected to an unusual and perhaps unprecedented level of discrimination and harassment and that this is unlikely to be just coincidence or negligence.

The actions of the police and Crown are also suspect because they defy the purpose of my arrest and because they cause far more harm to me and my family than their purported intent to protect my wife and children from my alleged inability to care for them because I “show signs of obsessive delusional behaviour”, which is what the Kingston Police disclosure alleges.

It is worth noting that during the past two years I spent c. \$10,000 on my political activism and two trips to Strasbourg, France, to sue the British Government at the European Court and, respectively, to protest at the Council of Europe. By contrast, the false and malicious charges the police laid have cost me and my family more than \$20,000 in just one month and unless dropped will bankrupt us and will cause us to lose our jobs, our house and thus end up penniless in the street.

There is simply no proportion and no logic in the actions of the police and the Crown if my only crime is that of domestic harassment. Furthermore, even if convicted, which is highly unlikely given the facts, the most the police and the Crown will achieve is to saddle me with a criminal record, having already served time in jail. While such a conviction will prevent me from travelling to the United States for five years and damage my reputation and future employment prospects, it will not achieve anything else.

With my Recognisance of Bail paper in hand, I walk out of the court house a free man, for the time being at least. It is a bright day and the sun rays caress my face. What I have taken for granted before is now a priceless gift: the foliage of trees rustling in the breeze, the blue sky dotted with puffy clouds, the limitless space of freedom. Better yet, I have my friend by my side, my tested friend, my faithful friend, Ishin, to share every thought and every joy that bursts out of me like a spring brook.

As we walk to the car, Ishin tells me that Detective Diane McCarthy talked to him just before the bail hearing, audiotaped the conversation, and attempted to convince him not to bail me out. More than this, she had called his wife, Nursen, the day before and pressured her to reconsider

her and her husband's decision to bail me out and let me into their home. Ishin tells me that if his wife has gotten cold feet he would have had to pull back, but she had stayed firm and told Detective McCarthy that there is nothing to reconsider. "She was clearly intent on having me rot in jail", I tell Ishin. "So it appears, Kevin." Had my friends been intimidated by her, I would have stayed incarcerated for months, because it would have taken months until the court date.

A few days later I asked Ishin and Nursen to recollect their conversations with Detective McCarthy and wrote down their recollections as follows:

Telephone Conversation between Detective Diane McCarthy and Nursen Kaya, my surety's wife (Tuesday, 24 May 2011)

Diane McCarthy called the Kaya residence and asked to talk to Ishin. Nursen told her that he is on his way to court.

Diane: "Kevin is not supposed to be out, he is mentally ill."

Nursen: "We are only trying to help our friend."

Diane: "You must really be careful about taking him into your house. You should think again. You should reconsider your decision."

Nursen: "There is nothing to reconsider. He is our friend and we will help him. I watched Kevin raise Ben for a long time because we were neighbours and he is a good father. We moved three years ago but kept in touch and visited several times."

Diane: "But he changed in the past two years. He is mentally ill because he keeps saying that what happened to him is political, but it is not. We keep him because of domestic harassment not for political reasons. We are not authorized to keep him in prison for political reasons."

Nursen: "I don't believe Kevin is mentally ill."

Diane: "He won't have any money to give you. His wife has blocked his money."

Nursen: "We are only trying to help him. We don't care about money. Even though my husband has recently lost his job, we will still help him."

Nursen concluded her recollection with the following remarks:

Diane kept saying: "Be careful. Think about it again. If Kevin does anything crazy you must call the police. There will be another police officer at the courthouse to explain to Ishin the procedure of surety."

(Nursen's overall impression: "I was so surprised about all the things she said. That is why it stayed in my mind.")

Conversation between Detective Diane McCarthy and Ishin Kaya, my surety, at the Kingston courthouse (Tuesday, 24 May, c. 1 PM)

Diane McCarthy taped the conversation, but before turning on the tape Diane said to Ishin: "Cindy wants me to tell you that you are great friends to Kevin and she is very thankful that you are great friends. She is however disappointed that you have not called her."

Ishin: "We did not call her because she kept calling us and leaving all kinds of messages. You can listen to one if you want. I have it here on my BlackBerry. It is a harassing message that I have stolen property, her computer. I did not respond to that. Because Cindy is obviously going through hormonal changes. She is a friend and my wife and I decided that my wife would talk to Cindy and I would talk to Kevin. We did not want to interfere."

Diane: "Did you access Turkish websites while you had Kevin's computer?"

Ishin: "I may have. Why?"

She then turned on the tape recorder.

Ishin recollects the conversation as follows:

Diane McCarthy mentioned that the spy program Kevin believes to have uncovered is a conspiracy theory and evidence of Kevin's mental problems.

Diane: "How do you know Kevin?"

Ishin: "We were neighbours in Kingston."

Diane: "Have you been in touch since you moved from Kingston?"

Ishin: "We visited them recently and had a meal at their house."

Diane: "Did you notice any mental problems?"

Ishin: "No. I didn't. Kevin was as always the main caregiver. Cindy goes to work at school and Kevin takes care of the kids. There is a potential hormonal change in Cindy."

Diane: “How do you know that?”

Ishin: “Well, my wife had a similar problem and I am assuming that Cindy has the same problem. I may have even heard it from my wife.”

Rest of the conversation blurry in Ishin’s memory.

Ishin’s overall impression: “*She tried to intimidate me from bailing Kevin out.*”

Ishin and I drive to the Quinte Detention Centre to pick up my documents bag, money and belongings. A man with a speech impediment answers the intercom at the gate. He tells us to park outside. I walk into the prison yard alone and cannot recognise anything since I only know the inside of the prison. The thought of returning to this god-awful place gives me the creeps. I am given only my documents bag and am asked to return tomorrow for my money and the things I left behind when I stripped (hand notes and Tim’s cross).

We find a hotel in Nappanee just a stone’s throw away from the prison. We have a great meal on the patio of a nearby restaurant and drink a pint of beer. Throughout the meal I am elated. The slightest thing gives me boundless joy, as though I was just born and see the world for the first time.

The hotel’s sheets are crisp and made of high quality cotton. There are four fluffy pillows on each queen bed and I have a heavenly sleep.

Wednesday, 25 May 2011

In the morning Ishin and I meet with my lawyer, David Sinnett. He dedicates a lot of time insisting that I give up my copies of the emails from my wife’s account and explaining that failing to do so would bring me in trouble with the police who could re-arrest me. He also asks Ishin to give up his copies if he has any. I ask to read the police disclosure. I make quick notes and stop often to point out the egregious lies it contains and the many factual errors¹⁰:

DISCLOSURE – Kingston Police

18 May 2011 **OCC#11 – 14304**

Over the last year the accused started showing signs of obsessive delusional behaviour’

Advised his wife he is on a mission to stop the spying of educators.

Left family to go on hunger strike in France.

As a result of the abandonment of his family and the ongoing bizarre ideology of the accused, the victim decided she would leave him for the financial and emotional safety of herself and her children.

May 13th the victim left the family residence and moved in with her parents. A lawyer had said he had concerns for her safety and concern had been expressed by her parents and sister.

¹⁰ The synopsis of the police disclosure presented here was written by my lawyer, David Sinnett, and was given to me on the 9th of June. The last two sentences (in red) come from notes I took on May 15, when I had a chance to review the original police disclosure in my lawyer’s office.

Accused returned home on the 13th and attended at the parents residence to see the victim and the children.
 Denied access. Accused contacted Kingston Police.
 Kingston Police attended and investigated the situation which resulted in accused being cautioned that the victim wanted no more communication except through her lawyer and was not to attend at that residence again.
 May 14th accused attended Kingston Police and advised to speak to a lawyer and not to go to 258 Bicknell Cr.
 1:17 PM accused attended 258 Bicknell Cr. And refused to leave. Police attended at request of home owner and advised accused to leave and cautioned not to return.
 May 15, 12:54 PM accused attended 258 Bicknell Cr. Honking horn, ringing doorbell. Advised to leave. Went to rear door.
 The victim was very fearful that he was not acting rationally and would come into the residence to hurt her in an attempt to take the children.
 Accused left prior to police arrival but apprehended under Mental Health Act.
 Sent to Hotel Dieu for 72 hours.
 Arrested and charged under s. 264(2)(d) for causing the victim to fear for her safety and the safety of her children and parents because of the repeated returns to her parents residence even after cautions by the police.
 Evidence indicates that the accused is suffering from a delusional mental health disorder and may not comprehend the current situation.
 An assessment order under section 672 of the Criminal Code is being requested.¹¹

After I read the disclosure I ask him if I am allowed to send a written statement to the websites that carry my articles with a short explanation of what had happened to me. He is adamant that I do not since that would make his work harder and could potentially land me in jail once again.

I then ask for a copy of the Crown's disclosure. He says he is not allowed to give me one but that he can give me a reworded version. I ask why I am not allowed to read the allegations against me and he tells me because the names of some individuals must be protected. The notion strikes me as odd especially since it clashes with the information I received from the police who told me that I can obtain a full copy of the disclosure through the Freedom of Information Act. David starts to read to me from the Crown's file, but we don't get very far because he runs out of time.

¹¹ **Section 672.11** of the Criminal Code of Canada says: "A court having jurisdiction over an accused in respect of an offence may order an assessment of the mental condition of the accused, if it has reasonable grounds to believe that such evidence is necessary to determine: (a) whether the accused is unfit to stand trial;(b) whether the accused was, at the time of the commission of the alleged offence, suffering from a mental disorder so as to be exempt from criminal responsibility by virtue of subsection 16(1); (c) whether the balance of the mind of the accused was disturbed at the time of commission of the alleged offence, where the accused is a female person charged with an offence arising out of the death of her newly-born child;(d) the appropriate disposition to be made, where a verdict of not criminally responsible on account of mental disorder or unfit to stand trial has been rendered in respect of the accused; or(e) whether an order should be made under section 672.851 for a stay of proceedings, where a verdict of unfit to stand trial has been rendered against the accused."

After the meeting with my lawyer, Ishin and I go to the Kingston police station to surrender my copy of my wife's emails and to pick up my laptop computer which had stayed in police custody because jails are apparently not allowed to keep such expensive property.

Constable Lisa Damczyk sees us and tells us that the police has given my computer to my wife. I asked how that is possible since it is my work computer and it was in my possession when the police arrested me. She says they gave it to my wife because she requested it. I said I also requested that my car be returned but the police refused to assist me in retrieving my car from my wife. She did not answer and instead changed the subject to my wife's emails.

She asks me to confirm that I had voluntarily agreed to give up all my copies of my wife's emails. I say *"That is not correct. I was forced to agree to this as a condition of my release from prison."* She says *"OK"* and then proceeds by saying that if I keep a copy I will be thrown back in jail. She then turns to Ishin and asks that he too surrenders his copy of the file and that if he keeps a copy he too will be thrown in jail. Ishin says he only has a digital copy on a thumb drive and that he will give it to the police as soon as he gets home.

I found her request and threats utterly illegal and resolved to consult a human rights lawyer. Although I am not a lawyer, I cannot see how the police can confiscate evidence from me, the accused, especially since the charges against me are laid by the police and the evidence in question exonerates me. This clearly constitutes a conflict of interest.

Before we left the police station I asked for an escort to my house in order to pick up some of my belongings. My surety and I left the police station with the feeling that something is not in order and that the Crown is conducting a vendetta. At my home, the police received a call from Diane McCarthy instructing the constables to prevent me from taking my printer and scanner from my office. Since I work from home, my printer and scanner are a crucial part of my work equipment and without them I am seriously handicapped because I am unable to do my work. Diane McCarthy's action can only be explained as a deliberate attempt to prevent me from earning a living and publishing more articles on State illegality.

On the way home to Waterloo we stopped at Quinte to pick up my money and the notes I had left behind. After waiting for nearly half an hour I was given my money back, some \$67, but none of my notes. I was not surprised. I also went to a bank machine and discovered that my wife had cut off my access to the account where my wage is deposited. It was a joint account. I am left penniless, wondering how on earth I would pay for my legal fees or survive from day to day.

And so ends my period of incarceration; ten days in all, three in the psychiatry ward and seven in prison.

THE BEAUTY OF FRIENDSHIP

THE UGLINESS OF RACISM, THE FEAR OF POWER

It is no coincidence that the friends who came to my aid are secular Muslims while those who abandoned me are practicing Christians. This confirms my assertion that the counter-radicalisation policies made possible by Resolution 1624 (2005)¹² divide society across ethnic and religious lines.

While I had no doubt that this is indeed the case, I did not foresee even in my gloomiest predictions that families could not withstand the racism, prejudices and hatred unleashed by programs like SAC¹³ and policies like CONTEST¹⁴, programs and policies that are rooted in state-sponsored discrimination. I certainly did not foresee that my own family will break apart once I became a victim of SAC and fought hard to expose it and to shut it down.

The reality however shows that my wife and her family have abandoned me as soon as I began publishing my articles on SAC. Their prejudices proved stronger than their love. That is how

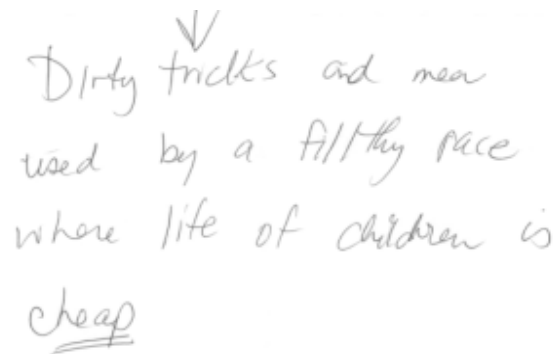
¹² The counter-radicalization strategy was born in 2005 when **Resolution 1624** was adopted by the UN Security Council. Not surprisingly, it was drafted by the UK and calls upon Member States to adopt measures necessary to countering incitement of terrorist acts motivated by extremism and intolerance, and the prevention of subversion of educational, cultural and religious institutions. In other words, everything one needs to institute a covert programme like SAC and to infiltrate not only universities but also places of worship and cultural institutions. The implementation of Resolution 1624 is overseen by the Counter-Terrorism Committee (CTC) and the Counter-Terrorism Executive Directorate (CTED), both of which are UN bodies. (See pp. 3-5 at https://wikispooks.com/w/images/3/31/Message_from_the_man_outside_after_14_days_of_hunger_strike.pdf.)

¹³ **SAC** is the acronym I gave a covert programme of **surveillance and censorship** of universities adopted in Britain in 2007 and that I exposed in 2010. SAC works by circumventing, ignoring or blatantly violating both national and international laws. Government agents operating from within and outside the country – should the course be offered virtually - are assigned to specific universities where they enrol in programs and courses as regular students, paying tuition fees out of pocket. This allows universities to play innocent should anyone cry foul and to avoid legal repercussions for violating privacy rules, expressional rights, freedom of conscience, education law and the trust of their students. Once imbedded, the spies masquerade as legitimate students while secretly collaborating with the course tutors. They gather information on every student, test the students' allegiance to the system, assist the course tutors in deflecting and diverting the discussions away from subjects the government deems taboo when the opinions expressed by students run counter to Britain's foreign or domestic policies, bully and coerce students into toeing the politically correct line, manufacture consent and, should that fail, provoke students to commit netiquette breaches or simply create an environment so harassing as to cause targeted students to quit their studies of their own accord. The overall effect is to brainwash the young and the impressionable to hold skewed and hypocritical views in line with the British Government's foreign and domestic policy objectives and not to question the new world order or criticise its shortcomings and injustices. (See pp. 2-9 at https://wikispooks.com/w/images/4/4d/The_Great_Secret.pdf)

¹⁴ **CONTEST: The United Kingdom's Strategy for Countering International Terrorism**, dates back to 2003 and is hailed as "one of the most comprehensive and wide-ranging approaches to tackling terrorism anywhere in the world". It is also thoroughly unlawful and dangerously unethical. It has four strands: Pursue, Prevent, Protect, Prepare, and it is within the *Prevent* strand that counter-radicalization is introduced as a way to stop people from becoming terrorists or supporting violent extremism. To achieve the miracle of identifying terrorists in the making, the government gave their secret service agencies broad powers to engage in covert surveillance and interception of communications. That is how universities became infiltrated by secret service agents and how SAC came to be and to violate students' freedom of speech and conscience, and a slew of other human rights, with impunity (<http://www.official-documents.gov.uk/document/cm75/7547/7547.pdf>).

dangerous, toxic and destructive are the legal controls, repressive actions and political perversions of the counter-radicalization strategy designed and implemented by the UK and supported by its Western allies and by select governments across the world.

Halfway into my struggle for human rights, my wife began showing clear signs of racism. In the last six months her racism has extinguished every last drop of love she had for me and she began saying and writing overtly racist insults to my face. Here is an example:



↓
Dirty tricks and mean
used by a filthy race
where life of children is
cheap

“Dirty tricks and mean used by a filthy race where life of children is cheap”

My wife calls my Romanian ethnicity “*a filthy race*” and insinuates that Romanians consider the lives of children to be “*cheap*”. To what degree these outbursts are evidence of racism or the result of her illness is yet to be ascertained by doctors. Fact remains that my wife has from the very beginning opposed my efforts to expose and shut down the covert state-sponsored program I have uncovered and that she was indifferent to the fact that it discriminates against minorities for political reasons. Fact remains that I have encountered the same opposition throughout Kingston and beyond.

Two episodes come to mind that clearly illustrate how the people around me have been poisoned by the prejudice and racism unleashed by discriminatory policies across the ocean. When Donald Marshall, my father-in-law, first read one of my articles he could hardly contain his anger at me even though he was convinced by my arguments and evidence that the covert programme of surveillance and censorship I had uncovered truly exists. Despite the evidence, Don could not reason beyond his prejudices and instead of being angry at the UK for instituting such a diabolical and illegal program he directed his anger at me for having exposed it.

An even more revealing example was provided by my friend, Susie Hetherington. I asked her and her husband one day as we were talking around the kitchen table how she would feel if their daughter, Carolyn, were prohibited from studying chemistry or molecular physics simply because she is Christian, or were kicked out of university because her political opinions did not agree with government censors. My first question was in direct reference to the current policy of France and Germany not to accept Muslims from suspect countries into university chemistry

programs¹⁵, whereas my second question referred to Britain's policy to weed out of universities students who strongly criticise Western policies, which falls under the ambit of SAC.

Susie could not bring herself to admit that she would not like her daughter to be discriminated against in such a way. She knew that if she admitted that such policies are unfair for her daughter she would have to admit that they are also unfair for the children of Muslims or other minorities who are being targeted because of the perception that they stand in the way of Western hegemony or simply because they are different and pose a threat to community cohesion or mainstream values. She grumbled reluctantly and then spewed out that "*Muslims have no rights and deserve no rights.*"

Susie is not a bad person but she is typical of the narrow-minded mentality of many Christians when it comes to Muslims or other minorities that do not see Christ as the saviour or have a skin color that is a touch darker or an accent that is non-native. Programs like SAC and policies like CONTEST nurture and validate racist sentiments and allow discrimination to tear the social fabric apart and to destroy the lives of innocents.

I observed similar reactions, though not as overt as those of my wife, in the community at large. My family doctor's attitude changed once he read my article "*The Great Secret: Surveillance and Censorship in Britain and the EU*" and realized that my activism is directed at correcting violations at home, violations committed by Westerners at the initiative of their governments and targeting helpless minorities. It did not help that I had singled out his brother-in-law, Peter Milliken, who at the time was the local Member of Parliament and the Speaker of the House, for opprobrium because he refused to act when I asked that he fulfills his responsibilities towards his constituents. This made it personal for my family doctor. So much so that next time I saw him as a patient he could hardly contain his disapproval of me. Resentment was written all over his face and he spoke a minimum of words.

Before my family doctor knew the content of my articles and the target of my activism he was very supportive of me and interested to know if I had made progress. Once he discovered the details his attitude made a full turn. Much the same happened with other friends and acquaintances. Some feared repercussions while others have acted purely on their prejudices. I became persona non grata to any and all of my wife's relatives and no longer heard from several of my close and distant friends.

Cindy, in her uncontrollable rages, kept telling me that I made lots of enemies in town and that they are all out to get me. I did not believe it then, but I now know this to be true. What happened to me in the last month was orchestrated by locals whose racism overrides their reason

¹⁵ See p. 4 at https://wikispooks.com/w/images/2/2f/Kevin_Galalae%27s_hunger_strike_appeal_letter.pdf or at <http://cryptome.org/0003/kevin-galalae.htm>.

and who either have or believe they have tacit permission from the higher echelons of power to attack me at will.

“You are in trouble my friend”, my wife would tell me foaming at the mouth. “You have made a lot of enemies and the walls are closing in on you.” She would then laugh and hiss with satisfaction, as though she was already witnessing in her mind my public crucifixion. “They are gonna get you and I will make sure of that. A lot of people hate you here in town.”



My family, destroyed by the forces of autocracy and their policies of hatred, greed and racism.

My friends and acquaintances became polarized into those whose racism or fear led them to hate or avoid me and those whose appreciation for my courage and intellect led them to respect and seek me out more than ever before. Without exception, my friends from non-European cultures and of religions other than Christianity became strong supporters of my cause and read every word I published as a political activist, whereas half of my Caucasian and Christian friends (whether religious or secular by persuasion) have turned their backs on me.

Rifts and fractures along multiple lines – within families, within communities, between communities, within nations and between nations – these are the fruits of Britain’s and the West’s counter-radicalization policy and of the programs of surveillance, censorship and social control associated with it. How many families have been destroyed in the same way as mine is anyone’s guess. What is certain is that millions of lives have been affected and countless families, communities and nations have been irreparably damaged. The international community itself is now irretrievably divided along the fractures caused by Britain’s Machiavellian plan and

by the sheepish collaboration of governments worldwide, governments led by elites who have betrayed their people so as to carve a place for themselves at the top of the New Global Order.

As I have shown in my article “*Letter from the Man Outside at 14 Days of Hunger Strike*”¹⁶ this is no coincidence but a carefully preconceived agenda with multiple objectives. That is why my *Appeal to Reason*¹⁷, which I addressed to President Obama, Président Sarkozy, Bundeskanzlerin Merkel and Prime Minister Cameron, met with no response other than my incarceration six days later.

Had I not had friends like Ishin and Nursen, who had the courage and fortitude to stick their necks out for me, I would still languish in prison waiting for a court date that would never come. The authorities would have ensured that at the slightest sign of anger I would have been drugged and then locked away in a mental asylum never to be seen again.

To dispel any lingering doubts about my sanity, I have gone through the cost and trouble of undergoing two psychiatric assessments¹⁸. The main findings of the first one read as follows:

Mr. Galalae was interviewed at the writer’s office at the appointed time, and he was briefed as to the purpose of this assessment and the proceedings that were going to take place during the course of this assessment. He was provided with the necessary information to generate informed consent and he also recorded his consent on the appropriate form provided by the writer. He was appropriately dressed and well-kept, and he spoke clearly and confidently. Mr. Galalae seemed to have a great deal of insight into him and into his own psychological functioning. He clearly did not present as having any violence issues or mental health issues. Mr. Galalae was calm, rational and he was able to demonstrate reasonable logical thought, without any suggestion of paranoid or psychotic content.

Mr. Galalae did not present with any formal thought disorder, nor did he complain of any attention or concentration problems. Mr. Galalae did not have any illogical or bizarre thought content. He also did not admit to any secondary symptomatology. Mr. Galalae also denied any significant

¹⁶ “*Message from The Man Outside at 14 Days of Hunger Strike*”, 25 April 2001, is available at: https://wikispooks.com/w/images/3/31/Message_from_the_man_outside_after_14_days_of_hunger_strike.pdf and at Cryptome as view only. Google: “Cryptome, Galalae, Freedom in Education 2”.

¹⁷ “*Appeal to Reason: Letter to President Obama, Président Sarkozy, Bundeskanzlerin Merkel and Prime Minister Cameron*”, 9 May 2011, available at: https://wikispooks.com/w/images/5/5e/APPEAL_TO_REASON.pdf and at <http://cryptome.org/0003/kevin-galalae4.pdf>.

¹⁸ To prove my mental health, I have undergone two independent psychological evaluations upon my release from prison on bail. The first was on June 6 and issued on June 14 (https://wikispooks.com/wiki/File:Bruce_Cook_forensic_report_2011_06_14.pdf) while the second was conducted on June 3 and issued on June 20 (https://wikispooks.com/wiki/File:Dr_Beharry_Report_2011-06-24.pdf).

symptoms of depression and anxiety. There was no evidence to suggest that he was experiencing any manic or hypomanic episodes. Mr. Galalae also did not admit to any obsessive thinking, and there was no evidence of compulsive behaviours. There was also no evidence of dissociative disorders, or depersonalization experiences.

Overall, in terms of my impressions derived from the forensic interview, it would appear that Mr. Galalae is not suffering from any form of mental illness. He does appear to be the kind of individual who is somewhat over-zealous in terms of his pursuits and also in terms of some interpretations that involve more emotionally charged situations. In essence, this would be the extent of my concerns with Mr. Galalae. In my opinion, he seems to be slightly misattributing and misinterpreting his actions as care and concern for his sons to justify his actions of harassment, if indeed this actually took place.

It should be noted that his concern is real and he is well-connected to his sons emotionally. He may have a tendency to over-step boundaries when he has a cause or a purpose in mind. It is likely that his emotions about things he cares about may tend to allow him to get carried away at times, though his political cause appears to be better proportioned than his pursuit of contact with his sons. However, I do not feel that even at his weakest moment or insistent moment, that Mr. Galalae would be a risk to anyone. He does not appear to condone or support violence, and his clinical presentation and demeanour would support this particular notion.

For those of you who still doubt my mental health I am attaching letters written by my friends in whose house I have been living for nearly a month.

5 June 2011

To whom it may concern,

Re: In support of Kevin Mugur Galalae

During the months of March, April and May, Kevin and I stayed in constant touch via email because I have followed with great interest his fight for justice in Strasbourg, France, where Kevin launched a lawsuit against the Government of the UK for violating the rights of students to free speech and freedom of conscience and where Kevin later staged a hunger strike on behalf of Freedom of Education.org, an organization he has founded.

Shortly after his return to Canada I received a call from Kevin and a request that I come to Kingston to help him. I did not hesitate for a second and drove there that same day. What happened to Kevin thereafter is nothing short of unbelievable and tragic. His wife and her extended family have undermined Kevin's reputation and credibility by misinforming the police that Kevin is mentally unstable and an irresponsible father. What is even more disturbing is that Kevin's political activism in France and his financial sacrifices to fight for human rights and civil liberties were used as "evidence" of Kevin's alleged mental instability.

Kevin has had the courage to defend the rights of minorities in education and to defend the academic environment from state interference when no one else did. He has done this for his children and for everyone else's children, including my own and I am grateful to him and applaud his courage. That his own wife and the Kingston Police should deny a man as decent and selfless as Kevin access to his own children by using his political activism as a sign of mental instability is an injustice that deserves to be exposed and condemned in the strongest terms possible.

The Kingston Police then tried to convince my wife and I that we should not act as surety for Kevin because he is

mentally unstable and that we should not take him into our house, which is a condition of bail, because he poses a danger to our son. They in other words were trying to isolate Kevin so that he would rot in prison until the trial date which could take months.

Having read everything Kevin has written and published on the Internet over the course of his protest in France, I knew very well that Kevin's mental health is as strong as ever and that Kevin would not have been able to reason, write, argument and reference six articles in four weeks without being fully in control of his mental faculties. It therefore took no convincing to help him in his hour of need. I also did not forget that Kevin was always there for me when I needed help and that he has shown me and my family kindness when no one else cared.

Kevin has now been in our home for 12 days and not once did I observe anything but the most rational and level-headed behaviour from him. His mind is as sharp as it ever was and I admire his mental and emotional strength. As any father would, Kevin agonises about not being able to be with his children, whom he loves deeply and for whom Kevin has always been the main caregiver and an outstanding one at that. It is hard to believe that his own wife has destroyed Kevin's reputation to such an extent that he now has to prove his mental and emotional stability through psychological assessments by experts.

I am no expert but I know a crazy from a sane man and Kevin is perfectly sane. As a professional engineer, I would not put my reputation and licence at risk by knowingly acting as surety for an insane person. I am happy to have my friend stay in our house and even happier that I did not succumb to the manipulations of others.

Cindy's motivations, actions and behaviour are a mystery to me, whereas Kevin's are crystal clear and I support him fully in the difficult task ahead of rebuilding his reputation and regaining his children. The truth will prevail and the truth is that Kevin is as a good man and a great father who cares enough about the world to want to make a difference.

I hope you will not let the forces of darkness extinguish a bright light. Kevin is my friend and an inspiration and he deserves to be treated with decency and respect. If he cannot get this from his wife and the Kingston police, it is that much more important that those of us who know right from wrong and sane from insane do our part and help him regain his reputation and his children.

This is all the more important when one considers that the wellbeing of Ben and Oliver, Kevin's children, depends on how soon Kevin can once again be the mainstay in their lives. The boys need their father and the stability and strength that only he can bring to his family. It is my belief that Cindy will fall apart without Kevin and that she will soon realize, if it has not already happened, that her actions are not those of a mentally and emotionally strong person.

I for one will make myself available any time to testify on Kevin's behalf and to help him regain what he has lost.

Sincerely,

Ishin Kaya

5 June 2011

To whom it may concern,

It has been nearly two weeks since Kevin came to live with us. When our son, Arda, heard the news he was instantly excited and filled with anticipation to see Kevin, who has always been his favourite neighbour, my gardening buddy and our friend when we lived in Kingston.

Although we moved away three years ago we kept in touch and even visited Kevin and his family twice. We have always thought of Kevin and Cindy, his wife, as our friends and we missed them dearly since our move to Waterloo. We spoke about them all the time and recollected all the good times we had had together.

We were heartbroken at the circumstances in which Kevin found himself due to his wife's incomprehensible behaviour and alarming allegations. No one deserves this and our friend certainly did not do anything to deserve being treated with such callousness and disregard by Cindy.

Although she tried to persuade us that Kevin is mentally unstable and that we should not act as surety and take him in, my husband and I did not believe her and sensed from the tone in her voice that she was speaking with irrational anger and with uncharacteristic bitterness. Cindy has always been moody and edgy. When she realized that we are not hesitating to open our home to Kevin she backed away and softened her tone. She even managed to thank us for being good friends. However, she left no good impression and both my husband and I knew that something was not right with Cindy. Subsequent calls confirmed that Cindy's state of mind is confused. She threatened us for no good reason, accused us of invented misdeeds, and badgered and irritated us to the point that we no longer wished to hear from her even though she was our friend just as much as Kevin.

When we heard the full story and saw the evidence we were aghast at the way she betrayed her husband's trust and love and at the lies she told the authorities and individuals about her husband. I for one do not understand how Cindy could behave in such a way towards her husband, especially since we have never witnessed anything but kindness, dedication and love in Kevin towards his wife and children. The answer can only be that Cindy is not well.

Because we were next door neighbours and Kevin works from home and has always been Ben's primary caregiver I have had innumerable occasions to observe Kevin's parenting and personality. Kevin and his son, Ben, are inseparable and the bond they have is as strong as any I have witnessed between father and son. From the very beginning, I was also very impressed by the ease and competence with which Kevin handled Ben and the affection and love that he showered on his son. Wherever Kevin went so did Ben and wherever Ben went so did Kevin. The two are like two peas in a pod.

I will now address the allegation that Kevin has psychological problems, which is what we heard from Cindy and from Detective McCarthy who has been obviously misinformed by Cindy. Nothing could be further from the truth. With Kevin in our home now for nearly two weeks, I can attest that he is as sane as he ever was and as charming and pleasant as we have always known him to be. He has shown grace under fire and proven that he has extraordinary mental and character strength. A lesser man would have sunk into chronic depression or even insanity had he experienced the kind of trauma and betrayal Kevin has since his return from Europe. If Kevin had indeed been mentally unstable, as his wife has insinuated, he would have never found his way out of the ordeal of being denied access to his own flesh and blood for no reason whatsoever and then thrown for three days in a hospital's psychiatry ward followed by a week in prison.

As a parent, I shudder at the thought of having to experience the kind of injustice and abuse Kevin has been subjected to and I doubt that I would have made it through with my mental and emotional strength intact, as Kevin has. If Cindy and the authorities were indeed concerned about Kevin's mental state, the last thing they should have done is put him through the hell that he was put through.

My husband and I are glad that we trusted our instincts and did not believe a word Cindy and detective Dianne McCarthy have told us. Kevin has brightened our home despite the heavy legal burdens he now faces and the constant yearning he feels for his children. On this last point, it is important to note that Cindy has misinformed even the Children's Aid Society in order to ensure that Kevin is denied access to his children for as long as possible. This act alone shows how malicious and calculated Cindy's attack on Kevin has been. Using her own children to do maximum damage to her husband's emotional state goes against any and all civilized behaviour, especially when one considers that Cindy is doing this in order to achieve objectives that benefit only her.

It is my hope that you will see Kevin for what he truly is and not for the monster his wife has depicted him as. My husband and I will stand by Kevin through thick and thin because he is the victim in this story and his children need their father back as much as Kevin needs his children back. That Kevin needs to prove his mental health in order for this to happen is preposterous. Nevertheless, this is the bitter reality and I am certain that Kevin will overcome this

hurdle too.

Should you need to talk to me or ask me specific questions, please do not hesitate to contact me at any time.

Sincerely,

Nursen Kaya

By standing tall and strong, I have succeeded, with the help of loyal friends, in removing the plastic bag the police placed over my head along with the accusation that I am mentally unstable. The forces of autocracy have once again failed to silence me and the people behind these forces have shown themselves for what they are: power hungry individuals with no moral compass and who will use any means however despicable to achieve their objectives and maintain their positions.

RECLAIMING MY CHILDREN

I spend the next three days, 25-28 of May, waking up from the nightmare and writing the first draft of the above account. Every moment of every day I am tortured by the emptiness and the longing of not being able to see my children, talk to them, care for them and hug, hold and love them. It saps every ounce of strength I have in me and I feel as though I have been robbed of my soul.

On May 31, Ishin and I drive to Kingston armed with a complete file and next day, June 1, we go to the offices of the Children's Aid Society (CAS). The first person I give the file to is Ray Dorey, the social worker at the CAS who was assigned to my case once the police sent the CAS my file, which occurred long before I walked into the building for the first time. And so begins a new chapter in this tragic saga – reclaiming my children.

The man's attitude and body language suggest that he has been conditioned by the same lies and manipulations the police has used to influence the psychologists at the hospital. He can barely contain his dislike of the man he thinks I am. But then, as I show him the file and he begins reading it his attitude softens for he realizes that the reality is other than what he was led to believe.

"Today is my son's birthday", I tell him. "My little Oliver turns one today and I want to see him and Ben to give them gifts."

"You should have given me advanced notice", he replies, "I cannot arrange a visit on short notice. What took you so long to come to us to see your children?" he asks in a condemning tone, impugning that my delay shows my children are not a priority.

"I have been in prison until the 24th of May and have needed a few days to collect evidence and put it together in a coherent report", I explain. "I couldn't possibly come here empty-handed when my wife and more recently the police have disseminated lies about me. Would you have believed anything I said?"

The meeting came to an end shortly after and I was given no indication as to what would come next, what I should expect, and when I would be able to see my children. I left the CAS seething with anger: angry that strangers who couldn't care less about my children now stand between me and my children and dictate when or if I can see them; angry that my damaged wife is given credence when I have a mountain of evidence showing that she is deranged and acting with malice; angry that the system is designed to destroy families through its intrusive, insensible and insensitive laws and policies; angry that self-serving and incompetent people are the helm of our country and are incapable of passing sensible or even logical laws.

To date, I have seen my sons only once. The visit lasted an hour and a half and took place inside a closed room with a mirror wall behind which Ray Dorey, the social worker, observed my interaction with my sons and filmed every move. It was a humiliating and painful experience, which I can only describe as pure torture for both my sons and I.

I waited on the couch trembling with anxiety and anticipation, counting the seconds until my dear sons walked through the door and jumped in my arms, fearing also that Ben might be too angry to hug me, or too confused to know how he is feeling, or too hurt to want to show his affection for me. Ben did hug me tightly and lovingly, his little heart trembling with love and fear as strongly as mine. And little Oliver began to cry the moment he found himself in my arms, not recognising me anymore as his father since nearly two months had passed since I last held him, two months out of twelve being a sixth of his life.

The first half of the visit went well, we played and kissed, we hugged and laughed. But then Ben asked me the inevitable question *“Are you coming home, daddy. Are you coming home today?”* I could not give him a straight answer. I was told prior to the meeting to be vague and avoid explaining the true situation, or else I would not be allowed to see them again. I tell my son *“I will be home as soon as I can, as soon as I finish my work”* and his face darkens as deeply and as suddenly as an eclipse of the sun. *“Nobody loves me”* he says and my heart breaks at the sadness in his voice. *“I love you more than anything and anyone on this earth, Ben. You and Oliver are the loves of my life.”* But he is not convinced and turns his back to me. *“I am bored. I want to leave”* he says dejected and angry at the same time. I try to comfort him, but tears overwhelm me and it is better so because tears are better than words at proving that I love him. I try to reason, but my own words sound hollow. *“Fathers, son, must sometimes do important work, difficult work, the kind of work that only fathers have the courage and the strength to do. This is what I must do before I come home to you. You must be brave.”* But that is not the answer he wanted to hear. What he wanted to hear is that I am coming home now, this very moment. He becomes resentful and his resentment comes out in unruly behaviour. He climbs on the table, he runs away from me, he avoids eye contact. I want to hold him in the hope that my hugs and kisses will convince him that my heart is true even though my words are not. But he does not let me. He has erected walls around his wounded heart.

When our time is over he leaves the room without looking back, ignoring my calls, walking as fast as he can away from me. I want to crawl under the earth and die that is how desolate I feel, how utterly defeated, how broken down.

This is the thank you I get from my country for standing up and making personal sacrifices so that the children of my fellow Canadians and the youth of the world can attend universities where freedom of thought and freedom of conscience are respected; so that the world our children inherit from us is one of freedom and fairness and not one where Big Brother decides

who graduates and has a life and who doesn't; so that decency and courage, truth and honesty, ability and intelligence are the measures by which our children advance and society progresses; so that democracy and integrity and not autocracy and sycophancy are the values of our society and our leaders now and in the future.

The thank you I get from my fellow Canadians is to deprive me of the loves of my life and the source of my strength and to deprive my children of their father, who is the source of their strength. Anyone who attacks the system and exposes the cancer at the core of Western society is an enemy who does not deserve the love of his children, an enemy who must be crushed, an enemy whose children must be crushed so that the spirit of courage and pride that courses through their blood cannot be resurrected in another generation.

This is what Canada has become. This is the degree of moral decay and cruelty necessary to sustain a flawed and cancerous system, a system that steals from our children so as to survive another day, a system led by greed and hypocrisy.

You can support my legal fund or my non-profit organization, FREEDOM IN EDUCATION.ORG, by donating into the following accounts:

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Your support would be greatly appreciated.